

COMMENT OF
THE DAY

Water Supply

THE hints that have been dropped from time to time that the Tai Lam Chung reservoir scheme, even complete in all its phases, would not provide the final solution to the Colony's water problem, have now been given categorical confirmation by Government.

Yesterday's announcement by the Director of Public Works that engineering investigations were to start immediately of a site on Lantau for a reservoir that will add another 30 million gallons of water a day for general consumption will be received with mixed feelings.

The prospect of ultimately obtaining a continuous domestic supply of water is alluring, but the community will await with some anxiety to know what demand this project is to make on the Treasury.

That the undertaking, if proved a practical possibility, will win public approval may be taken for granted. Water the Colony must have, and in sufficient quantities. Throughout Hongkong's history, there has been an inadequacy of water to meet requirements, and it is necessary to acknowledge that with the Colony's continuing growth of population and the rapid expansion of industry, there is no chance of demands being met unless water storage facilities are still further increased.

The island has no further use of catchment and reservoir areas to offer, and to rob Kowloon of any more territory would interfere with agricultural development. Which leaves only Lantau for exploration. A natural inclination is to regard Lantau as being too far away to render it a practicable site for a reservoir, yet it is likely that the length of piping which will be required will be less than that which now feeds a large part of the Colony from the Jubilee reservoir.

Perhaps the biggest advantage to be derived from the proposed new reservoir is that it will allow the island and the mainland to possess independent water supplies, the object being that Lantau will augment the island's present supplies, freeing the Tai Lam Chung output for the exclusive use of Kowloon. There is much to commend in such an arrangement.

CONVICT RUNS THRIVING
BUSINESS FROM GAOLObtains Japanese
Bicycle Agency

DAILY PHONE CALLS

Stockholm, Oct. 7.

A convict in Stockholm prison has built up a substantial importing business with Japan, the prison director Mr R. Rudstedt disclosed today.

Taking advantage of Sweden's easy-going penal system the convict, Sven Bohlin, has obtained import licences for 500,000 crowns (about £33,500) worth of Japanese bicycles, chains and lamps.

His principal Japanese client, the Asia Machinery Trading Company and others, have provided Bohlin with samples worth an estimated 30,000 crowns (about £2,000) to help him sell their goods.

Bohlin even arranged a stand for himself at a Stockholm trade fair last August but the stand was removed when the organisers tried to put Japanese businessmen in touch with him and discovered that he was serving a 12-month sentence for embezzlement.

Bohlin was able to conduct his business—financed from an inheritance—because Swedish law allowed him to make up to 20 phone calls a day from prison.

CAMOUFLAGED ADDRESS
His typed letters were headed "Stockholm Nine" the address prisoners are allowed to use to hide the fact they are in gaol. He signed the letters "Sven Bohlin, Managing Director."

He also had 72 hours leave a month for good conduct and used this time to give business lunches in fashionable restaurants, visit government offices to obtain import licences and attend receptions at foreign embassies.

Sometimes he would return with his pockets stuffed full of cigars to give to fellow prisoners. Bohlin's main Japanese client did not learn of his true "occupation" until a representative came to Stockholm and phoned him—only to find that he was speaking to the prison.

"The managing director is not available. He has no leave from the prison today," he was told.

The prison director pointed out today that Bohlin had not received any special privileges to allow him to carry on his import business.

"His talents are on a higher plane than those of other prisoners. He demanded every advantage he could get," he added.

Mr Bohlin leaves gaol this week and the prison board has rented a furnished room for him. He has asked them to find him an office as well. —Reuter.

LORRY KNOCKED
OVER BY TRAM

A commercial lorry was knocked off its balance and fell on its left side in an accident with a tram outside the Central Market in Des Voeux Road Central 8.15 a.m. today.

Fortunately no one was injured.

The lorry rested across the tramlines, blocking tram traffic for about 20 minutes until it was pulled off by a salvage truck.

The tramcar was slightly damaged.

Reds Tried To
Bribe Courier

London, Oct. 7.
Soviet agents offered a British diplomatic courier a small fortune in dollars in 1952 to let them steal a diplomatic bag in transit from the British Embassy in Moscow, the Foreign Office revealed today.

The Briton refused the bribe and reported the matter when he got to London.

A Foreign Office spokesman confirming the matter in response to questions prompted by a story last month in an American news magazine, admitted today that the magazine's story was "substantially correct." —United Press.

Russia's Air
Talks Invitation

London, Oct. 7.
Britain has received an invitation from the Soviet Union to send a delegation to Moscow to discuss air relations between the two countries, a Government spokesman said tonight.

Sir Miles Thomas, Chairman of the British Overseas Airways Corporation, said last month the BOAC was considering an air route from London to the Far East, passing through Moscow and Peking, thereby considerably reducing travelling time to the Far East. —France-Press.

Mystery Death
Of Hitler
Disciple

Forbury Lane, Oct. 7.
The disappearance and death of James Larratt Battersby, a "disciple" of Hitler, whose headless body was washed ashore here, went on record as an unsolved mystery today.

At the inquest coroner C. Bolton decided that it was impossible to say how, when and where Battersby, a 48-year-old author, died. He returned an open verdict.

Battersby, member of a famous family of hat-makers, disappeared from his lodgings in Southport, Lancashire. Just before he left he wrote to a newspaper reporter: "My work here is complete. I follow the Führer to glory and eternally. Through the sacrifice of the martyrs our world victory is assured. Heil Hitler!"

His mutilated body was washed ashore by the tide here last week. —China Mail Special.

The Foreign
Office
Corrects Its
Chief

London, Oct. 7.

The Foreign Office tonight took the unusual step of issuing a formal correction to a statement made earlier today by the British Foreign Secretary, Mr Harold Macmillan.

Mr Macmillan had told the Conservative Party conference in Bournemouth: "I am sure that we can formulate plans which the world will feel—and I hope the Russian government will feel—give full protection to Russia against any threat which might come from a reunited Germany whether it chooses to join NATO or prefers to remain neutral."

MISREAD NOTES

A Foreign Office spokesman tonight said that Mr Macmillan had misread his notes. What the Foreign Secretary had meant to say was that the plans would "give full protection to Russia against any threat which might come from a reunited Germany if she chooses to join NATO. She may, of course, prefer to remain neutral."

The correction set diplomatic observers here guessing. "The Foreign Office spokesman declined to say whether the change meant that the West would not give Russia a security guarantee if a reunited Germany chose to remain outside the Western alliance."

Such an implication might in the view of many observers not only affect the Soviet attitude to Germany's reunification but seriously increase the West German government's difficulties in defending its policy of association with the West against its critics.

THE ASSUMPTION

The spokesman explained that since Russia had said she would fear a reunited Germany which joined the Atlantic pact, the Western security proposal to be put at this month's "Big Four" conference in Geneva had been worked out on the assumption that Germany would do so.

He suggested that if contrary to Western expectation Germany opted for neutrality this would not necessarily rule out guarantees for Russia. But it would certainly mean that the Western powers would have to re-examine the whole security question. —Reuter.

ATOMIC PLANT
EXPLOSION

London, Oct. 7.
An explosion followed by a fire occurred at the British atomic centre at Harwell (Berkshire) today. The fire was quickly brought under control and little damage was done. The explosion occurred in a laboratory where technicians were at work. —France-Press.

Floods Take
Toll Of
Life

New Delhi, Oct. 7.
More than 100 people have been killed and thousands rendered homeless in three days by floods which have swept Northwestern India, latest figures showed today.

Most of the deaths were caused by the collapse of houses under torrential rain. The rain has now stopped, but large areas remain cut off. The River Jyana, which has been rising steadily for the past three days, today burst its banks flooding acres of low-lying land.

A continuous stream of refugees has been pouring across the city's only bridge for the past three days.

Village Panics
Panic in flood-stricken Tchar village, near here, was increased by the unfounded rumour that there would be a severe earthquake in the night. Villagers, evacuated all belongings to high ground and spent the night chanting prayers in the open.

(In Lahore, West Pakistan, flood waters receded today after the River Ravi had fallen by seven feet in the last 24 hours.)

(Several hundred thousand people were still homeless but the city was no longer isolated. An air service was started between Lahore and Rawalpindi, which connects with the rest of the country.) —Reuter.

Surprise Meeting

Nicosia, Oct. 7.
Field Marshal Sir John Harding, Britain's new Governor of the island colony of Cyprus, had a surprise second meeting today with Archbishop Makarios, leader of the Cypriot-Greek campaign for union with Greece. —Reuter.

China Mail
Feature
Highlights

Here are some of the highlights in today's feature section:

P. 5: Russell Spurr says that everything strikes in Singapore except the matches.

P. 6: Adventure on a Shetland: our new story begins today—about two Britons who went climbing in Nepal.

P. 7: Who was the man in the iron mask? Gerald Bowman tells another of the world's strangest stories.

P. 8: L. G. Pine, editor of Burke's Peerage, looks at some of the princely titles of the world, and says not all are genuine.

P. 13: John McKenna examines the career and personality of President Eisenhower's right-hand man, Vice-President Richard Nixon.

P. 16 & 17: Latest local and overseas sports reviews.

Rebels Make
It Tough
For French

Fez, Morocco, Oct. 7.

A Junkers troop carrier today parachuted supplies to the defenders of the French military post of Tizi Ouzli, vital strong-point in the Rif mountains where Moroccan rebels are fighting the Foreign Legion.

Meanwhile French armoured columns struggled to keep the roads open in the triangle formed by Bouard, Aknou and Tizi Ouzli but were harassed by snipers using automatic weapons equipped with telescopic sights.

France's troops are deployed along a 50-mile front of black-robed tribesmen wearing German-style steel helmets dig in and regroup after the success of their "commando" assaults earlier this week.

General Pierre Boyer de Latour, Resident-General, today returned to Rabat from a tour of the front line.

Strafing Attacks
A flight of four Vampire jet fighters followed up a three-hour bombardment of rebel positions in the hills dominating the Bouard-Aknou road with low-level strafing attacks.

The most fanatical of the rebels, whose leaders have been trained at secret commando camps in the Spanish Zone according to French intelligence officers, came from the Beni Urighel tribe whose former leader, Abdel Krich led the rebels in the Rif war of 1925 and 1926.

While the Foreign Legion fought for control of the roads and strategic heights around Aknou, individual terrorist attacks were reported from other parts of Morocco.

Ishtial Offer

The assistant secretary-general of the Ishtial nationalist movement, Mohammed Lyazidi, said in Fez today that his party was ready to ask rebel leaders to call the fighting off "if the French government gives us political means to work."

He listed these "political means" as the setting up of a throne council agreed in principle at Franco-Moroccan talks and a declaration by the government of its intention to let Morocco to independence. —Reuter.

See-Saw Debate
On Morocco In
French AssemblyGOVT POLICY SUPPORTED
AND CRITICISED

Paris, Oct. 7.

A long list of speakers and Deputies wishing to raise questions heralded the continued debate in the National Assembly on the Morocco question, that was expected to go on with night sessions tonight and tomorrow.

Louis Vallon, unaffiliated with any party but voting usually with the Socialists, assailed what he called "intrigues delaying the application of the government's policy" and he criticised "manoeuvres of high military figures."

Pierre Aumeran, Independent Republican, criticised ex-Sultan Sidi Mohammed Ben Youssef, now in Madagascar, and deplored the lack of support by the French Government for Sultan Sidi Mohammed Ben Araf, who left the throne for Tangier.

Aumeran assailed Pierre Boyer de Latour, French Resident-General, charging that he used "pressure against Ben Araf. He feared a Regency Council would be a step toward preparing the return of Ben Youssef."

WANTS PROCLAMATION
Aumeran urged the immediate proclamation of a state of siege throughout North Africa to stamp out terrorism.

Another right wing Deputy, Pierre André, of the Independent Republican Party, said the government's policy would lead to the loss of North Africa and eventually of all of France's African territories.

He expressed surprise at reports that sentences against terrorists were not being carried out.

Pierre July, Minister for Moroccan and Tunisian Affairs, whose right-wing ARS (disident Gaullist) parliamentary group decided to expel 40 terrorists sentenced to death. 18 have been executed thus far.

M. July added that as long as the terrorists continued to receive support from the Moroccan people, "it will be almost impossible" to bring terrorism to an end.

The early evening debate was marked by attacks on the government's policy by members of the Conservative parties which make up a large part of Premier Faure's parliamentary majority. Socialists who are in the opposition, expressed support for the government's Moroccan reform plans but criticised it for delays in putting the reforms into effect.

One of the Conservative deputies who sharply criticised Faure's Moroccan policy was Pierre Montel, Republican

Independent, whose recent inspection mission in Morocco was cut short by the government when he publicly criticised the government policy.

Mr Faure told the Assembly in reply to a question by Montel, that former Sultan Ben Youssef, now residing in Madagascar, received 5,000,000 francs (about \$14,000) a month in income from his sequestered fortune for the upkeep of his 28 member family and entourage.

The debate was recessed for dinner. —France-Press.

MUTINY
BY FRENCH
TROOPS

Rouen, France, Oct. 7.
Special security police fired tear-gas bombs today to drive off French factory workers demonstrating in front of a barracks full of mutinous troops.

Last night about 500 young drafters rallied to the colours tore rank badges off their officers' shoulders and barricaded themselves in Richemont barracks to protest being sent to North Africa.

Riot squads of security guards surrounded the barracks today. About 120 of the drafters gave themselves up, but the rest were sitting tight.

At quitting time tonight in Rouen's factories, dozens of workers marched to the barracks and shouted encouragement to the striking soldiers, and obscenities at the police.

Several scuffles broke out between the workers and the Jack-boots. Riot police, who moved in with tear-gas guns.

The black-uniformed security guard riot squads surrounded the barracks early today and attempted to escape into a nearby park. —United Press.

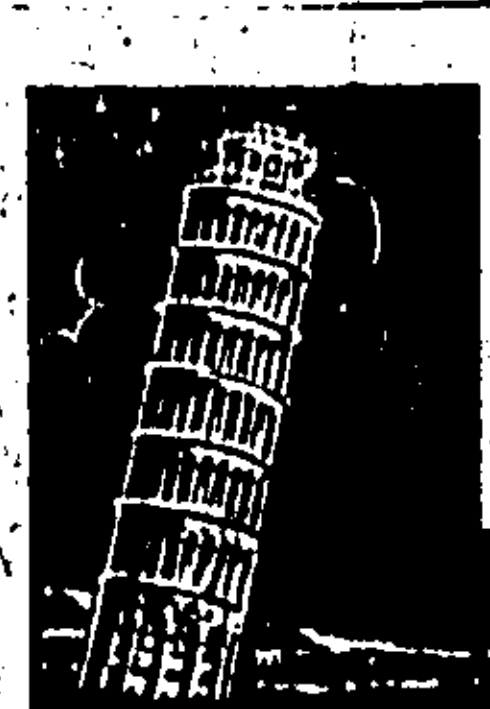

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every mile
of the way

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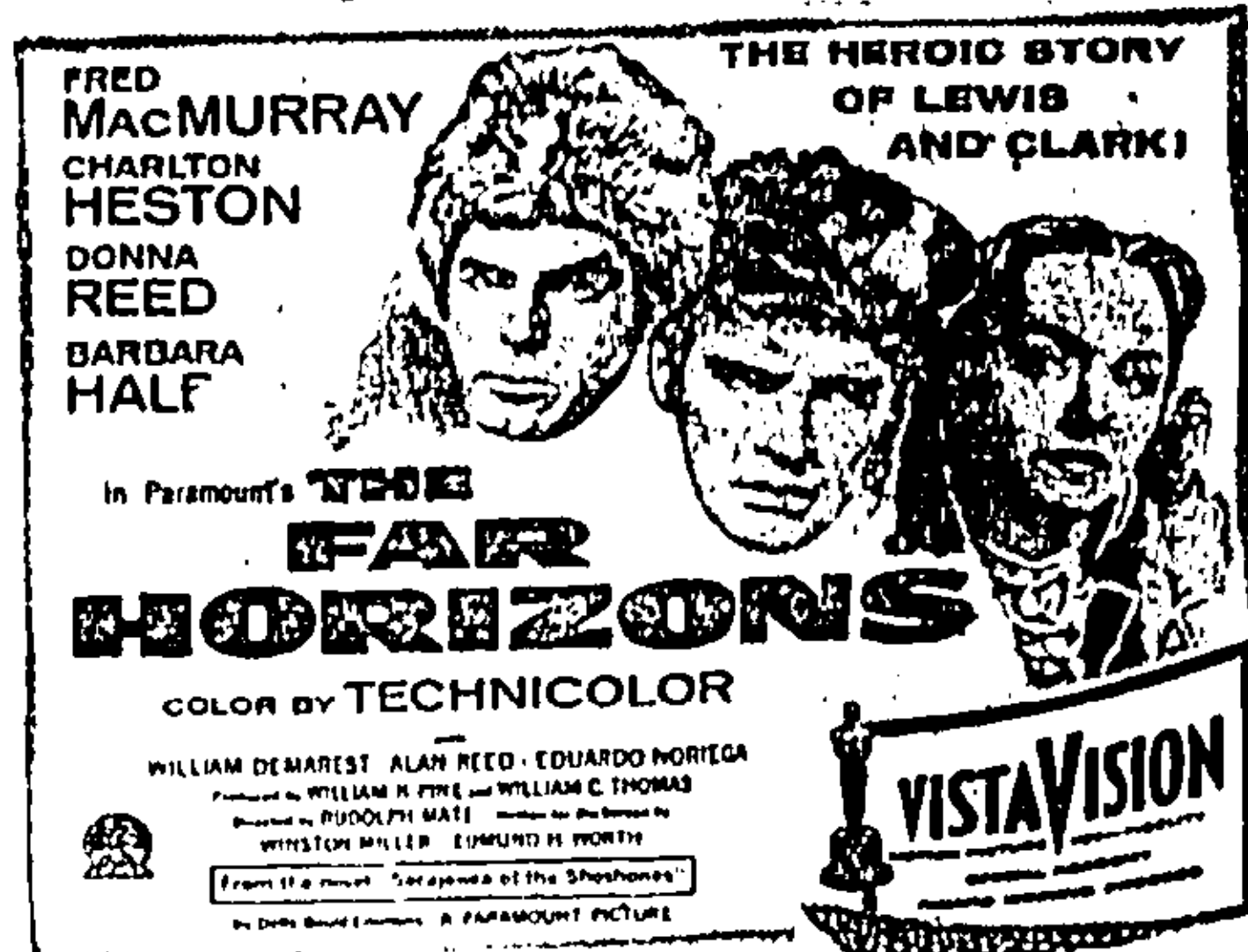
No doubt some earnest persons have from time to time devised a formula for the measurement of thirst. They might, for instance, multiply the temperature (in degrees centigrade) by the humidity (in degrees of discomfort) and divide by the energy expended in the game in progress or in strokes per hole, goals per chukka, runs per over. But whatever the variables involved, the answer remains constant: Take a long glass of Rose's Lime Juice with a couple of ice-cubes floating; hold it to the light and gloat over its pale translucent greenness; rock it gently until the ice-cubes tinkle. Then put yourself outside it.


ROSE'S Lime Juice
—MAKES THIRST WORTH WHILE

KING'S PRINCESS EMPIRE

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

TO-DAY



EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
KING'S PRINCESS EMPIRE
11.30 a.m. Walt Disney's "PETER PAN" Full-length Color C'toon
11.00 a.m. Walt Disney's "PINOCCHIO" Full-length Color C'toon
11.00 a.m. Gary Cooper & Ingrid Bergman "SARATOGA TRUNK" Technicolor
AT REDUCED PRICES

NEW YORK GREAT WORLD

CAUSEWAY BAY, TEL 78721 KOWLOON, TEL 53550

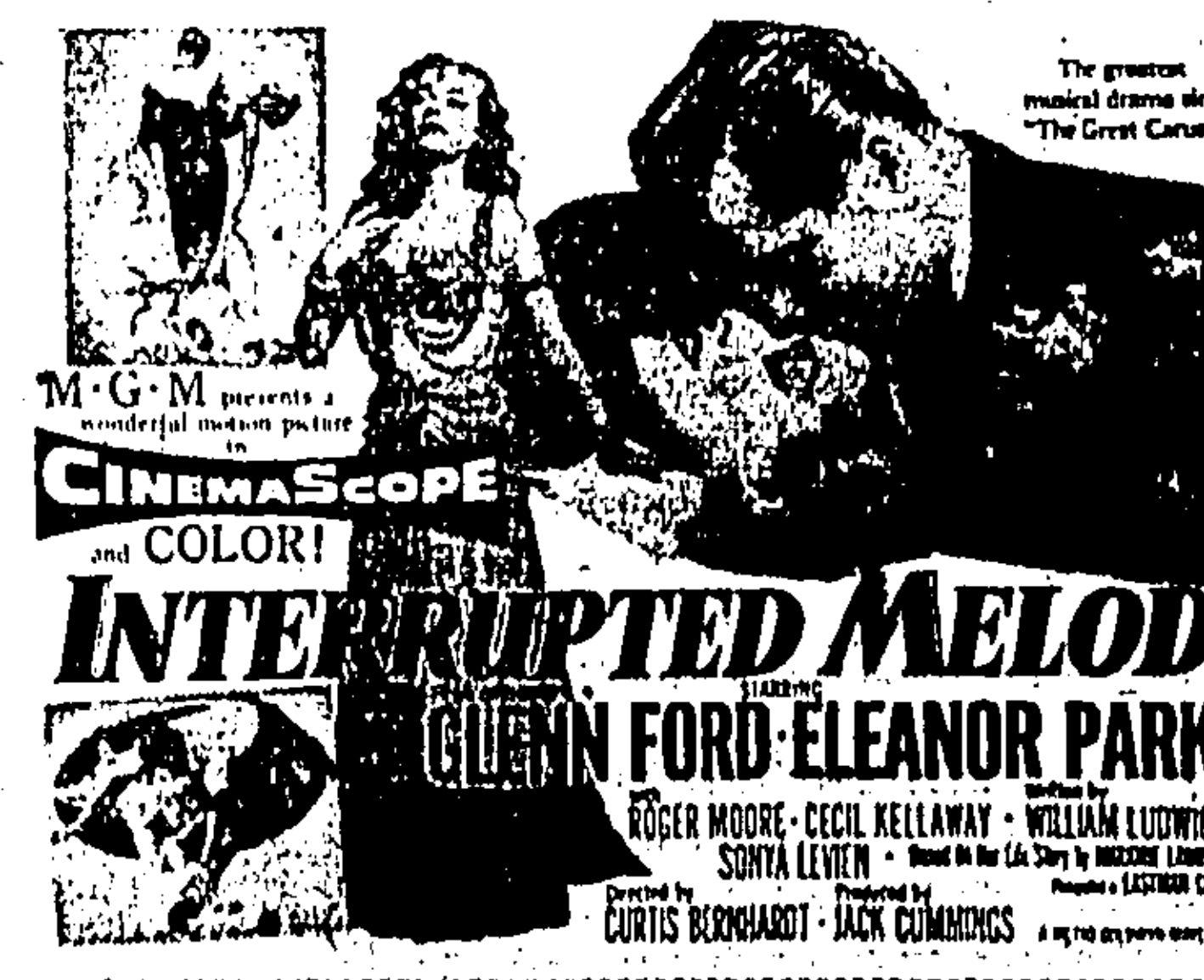
SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



HOOVER LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL 72371 KOWLOON TEL 50333
OPENS TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



5 SHOWS TOMORROW
Hoover at 12.00 1ST MATINEE Liberty at 12.30

LEE TO-DAY

3 SHOWS AT 2.30, 7.40 & 9.50 P.M.
CANTONESE OPERA
Admissions: \$3.50, \$2.40, \$1.70 & \$1.00

FILMS Current & Coming BY JANE ROBERTS

"Gentlemen Marry Brunettes" features Jane Russell and Jeanne Crain.

It opens with a big bang with Jane and sister Jeanne Crain doing a "What'll I do?" number that lacks nothing in enthusiasm and originality, but a little in the gentle art of putting over a song.

However, as they are supposed to be the nieces of a very gay pair of sisters of the 1920's era, the build-up is perhaps justified.

The flash-back to their rather naughty relations, (with Rudy Vallee as himself, to bridge the gap between the generations) is contrived, to say the least, and one feels that several amusing acts sandwiched into a glossy music-hall show have been expanded to make an overlong complete picture.

When Jane Russell and Jeanne Crain are clowning on stage, they are most entertaining—and good to look at into the bargain. Off stage, when the director has made their unfamiliarity with Paris an excuse to take us on yet another Cook's tour of all the much publicised landmarks, the pace drags.

Both girls have tremendous vitality and liveliness, and it is a pity to see Scott Brady outside a western, but in spite of the popularity of the book, the story seems too thin for the talents of the actors.

I couldn't decide whether Rudy Vallee was meant to be such an eccentric as he appeared. As the four principals are made to be such ordinary people, his peculiarities seemed out of focus.

If You Like Marilyn . . .

Your enjoyment of "The Seven Year Itch" depends on your appreciation of Marilyn Monroe. If she is all that you consider sweet, gracious and kind of womanhood, then she will obviously re-charm you with her womanly qualities.

If you consider her brash, shallow, immature mentally and over-ripe physically, then you should avoid the picture, for it's the Monroe doctrine at its most consistent.

Her line in "The Seven Year Itch" is a supposedly blithe inability to realise her devastating effect on the opposite sex. This allows her to be as blatant about exhibiting her charms as the censor will allow, at the same time absolving her from any low motives.

It all happens during a heat-wave in New York. Tom Ewell has waved goodbye to his family who are lucky enough to be going further up the coast for a holiday. He returns to his apartment, naturally sad to be without them for a while, for Mr Ewell, you must understand, is a happily married man, with no little secrets from his charming wife.

Mixed with the sadness however, it's possible to detect a little relief that for a few weeks he is completely free to eat, or not, to read or loaf, to be tidy or slack.

On to this prepared ground falls Miss Monroe. She's dropped her totemayto plant out of the window of the apartment above, in which she lives, and she's touchingly concerned that it might have dropped on her neighbour's head. "Why, you might have been killed!" she intones.

From there on Mr Ewell is hooked. His curvaceous visitor—by now she's taken to dropping in whenever the whim occurs to her—haunts his highly coloured dreams and most of his waking hours, and pretty soon people are beginning to talk.

The dialogue is superficially witty and Marilyn Monroe goes

The New Films At A Glance

EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Far Horizons". The cross-country expedition to find out what lay on the other side of the Rocky Mountains. Fred MacMurray, Charlton Heston and Donna Reed.
HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Interrupted Melody". Part of the life story of the world-famous Australian singer, Marjorie Lawrence. Eleanor Parker and Glenn Ford.
NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes". Show business 1920 and 1955 style. Jane Russell and Jeanne Crain, with Scott Brady and Donna Reed.
QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Tall Man Riding". A western concerned with the land-robbing era of the old west. Randolph Scott and Mala Powers.
ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Seven Year Itch". The moral of the tale is that it is foolish to go off alone on holiday leaving your husband to the mercy of the girl in the next apartment. Marilyn Monroe and Tom Ewell.

COMING
HOOVER and LIBERTY: "The Blackboard Jungle". The most controversial film since "On the Waterfront" gives a frightening picture of juvenile delinquency in American schools and of the sometimes inadequate mental ability of schoolmasters to deal with it. Glenn Ford and Louis Calhern.
KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Shrike". The slow disintegration of a man, subconsciously brought about by a possessive wife. June Allyson and Jose Ferrer.
NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Last Command". The settlers against the Mexicans down in the south-western part of North America and Jim Bowie's part in their struggle to maintain their rights and privileges. Sterling Hayden, Richard Carlson and Anna Maria Alberghetti.
QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Notorious". Romantic melodrama. Ingrid Bergman, Cary Grant and Claude Rains.
"20,000 Leagues Under the Sea". Jules Verne's fabulous story given a face-lift for present-day minds, well presented and, from the adventure point of view, gripping. James Mason, Kirk Douglas, Paul Lukas and Peter Lorre.
ROXY and BROADWAY: "How To Be Very, Very Popular". A college musical. Betty Grable.

through her act as though she's been word-perfect at this sort of thing for a long time.

Tom Ewell's leers made me slightly sick—but perhaps it was their lack of subtlety and the foolish figure he cut that spoiled his competent performance for me.

Triumph And Tragedy

Somewhere inside all of us is a vague feeling of guilt connected with crying. Some of us force it to such a point that we would rather be thought downright hard than be seen shedding a tear. Others cry and look ashamed.

When I left after seeing "Interrupted Melody" guilt hung heavily about me. Perhaps the fact that the preview was held on a very dismal, wet Monday morning had something to do with it—or perhaps the instinctive defence one builds up against the weakening effects of sympathy are powerless against the spectacle of a young and lovely girl suddenly struck down by polio just when success has become a habit.

But although I hate to admit being taken in by often-used tear-jerking situations—however close they may be to reality in the case of Marjorie Lawrence—the truth is that the film is meant to make you weep and in all probability, it will.

Eleanor Parker makes Marjorie Lawrence a very warm, human, impulsive, spoiled, adulation-loving young woman, and in consequence her descent from the heights of fame to the depths of the degradation of paralysis is all the more tragic because the loss is so much greater than the average woman's.

It is entirely Eleanor Powell's picture and possibly it may embarrass and even bore men a little, in spite of the scantiness of some of her operatic apparel, because of her fragrant exhibitionism. But it is undoubtedly the best picture she has ever done and removes her from the ranks of the second-raters who rely on a pretty prowl and a set of mannerisms to

having as its purpose some worthy motive, such as exploration. A film of this type interesting though it may be, and possessing all that is required in the way of action, is apt to drag at times unless a certain amount of character study is allowed to creep in. However, the producers and director usually seem to think that stock types are better used in the principal roles, in case more finely-drawn characters detract from the action, and the tedium is almost inevitable. Another feature of these "epics" is their length, and one frequently leaves the cinema after a tussle with such a picture, feeling that the first twenty minutes would have been quite enough.

Looking at "The Far Horizons" with these generalisations in mind, some fit and others are an improvement on the orthodox pattern. I found it too long for a start, but on the other hand there seemed to have been a genuine attempt made to show the amount of courage and determination needed to have pressed on with an expedition of discovery of this sort.

A Gloomy Young Squaw

The aim is to explore the newly acquired Louisiana Territory and investigate possibilities of a route over the Rockies to the Pacific. President Jefferson appoints Captain Lewis to lead the expedition—this is Fred MacMurray—and he in turn asks for his friend Charlton Heston to be co-leader with him. Before they leave there is an awkward situation in which the discover that they are both in love with the same girl, but this is amply straightened out and off they go.

Unfortunately the two leading men are types rather than characters. MacMurray is bovine, brave and brawny up-right, while Heston has the dashing, romantic role. Donna Reed, as the Red Indian girl whose devotion to Heston provokes trouble between the two men is better, although her almost entirely unsmiling face is a bit depressing.

She is a captive of a hostile Red Indian tribe. It's true, but her round-the-clock gloom is overdone. A sensitive performance comes from Barbara Hale as the white girl both men love.

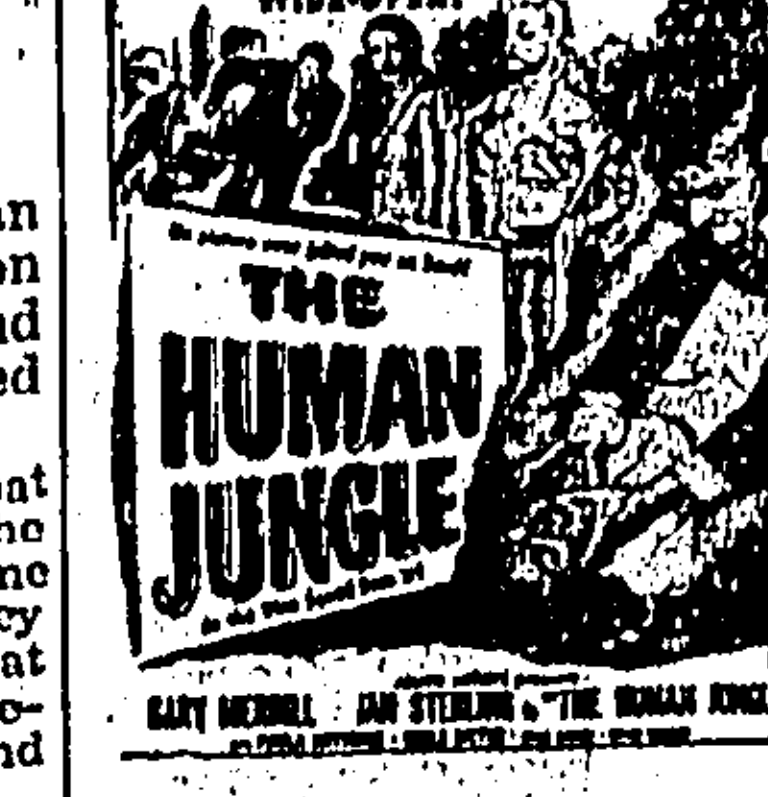
The Indian attacks are up to standard and the VistaVision process does full justice to the grandeur of the scenery.

"The Shrike"

"The Shrike" will be coming during next week and I would mark it down as a "must". It would not be fair to treat it as shortly as I would have to in this week's column, so a full comment will come next Saturday.

MAJESTIC OPENS TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



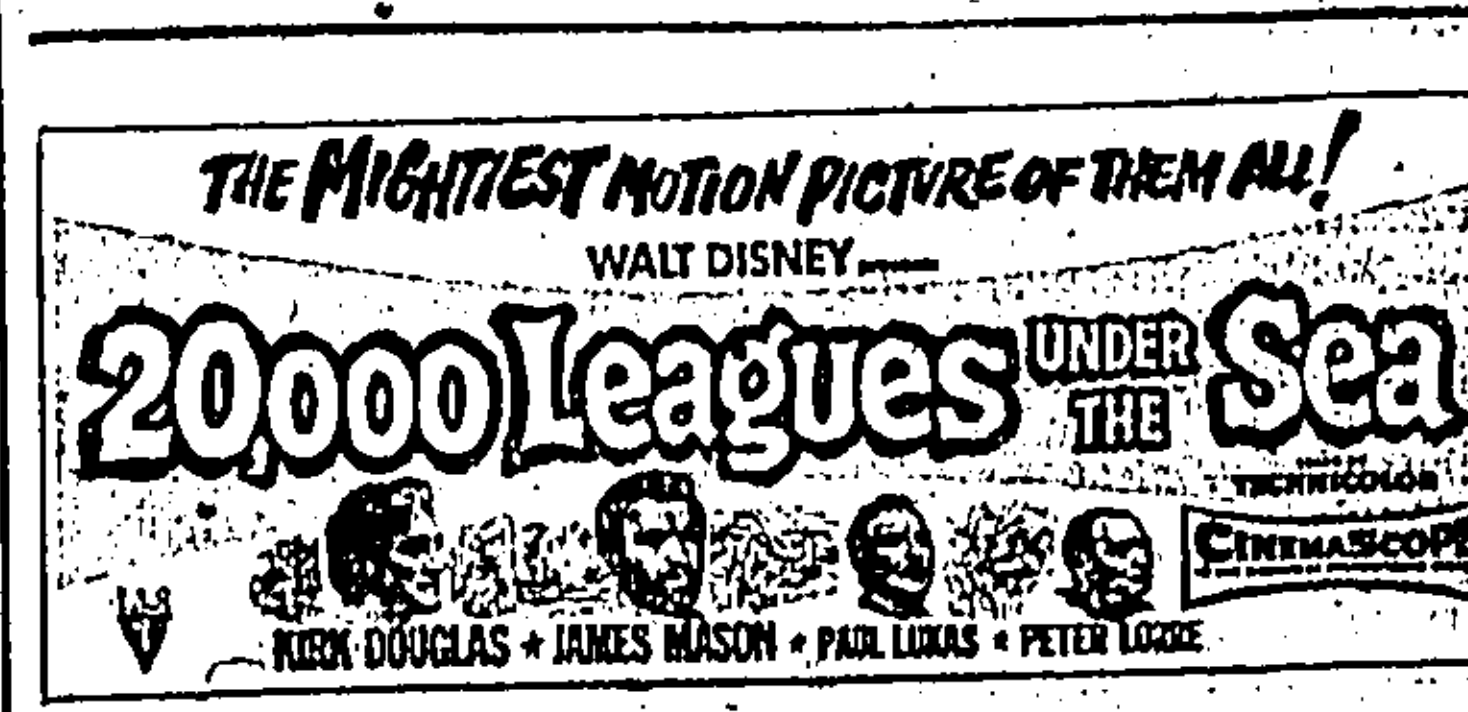
TOMORROW AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY
QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA
Columbia's Technicolor
"FROM HERE TO ETERNITY"
Burt Lancaster—Dorothy Kerr
AT REDUCED PRICES!
Columbia's Technicolor
"THE CAINE MUTINY"
Humphrey Bogart—Jose Ferrer

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M. 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



WATCH FOR IT!



WATCH FOR THE OPENING DATE

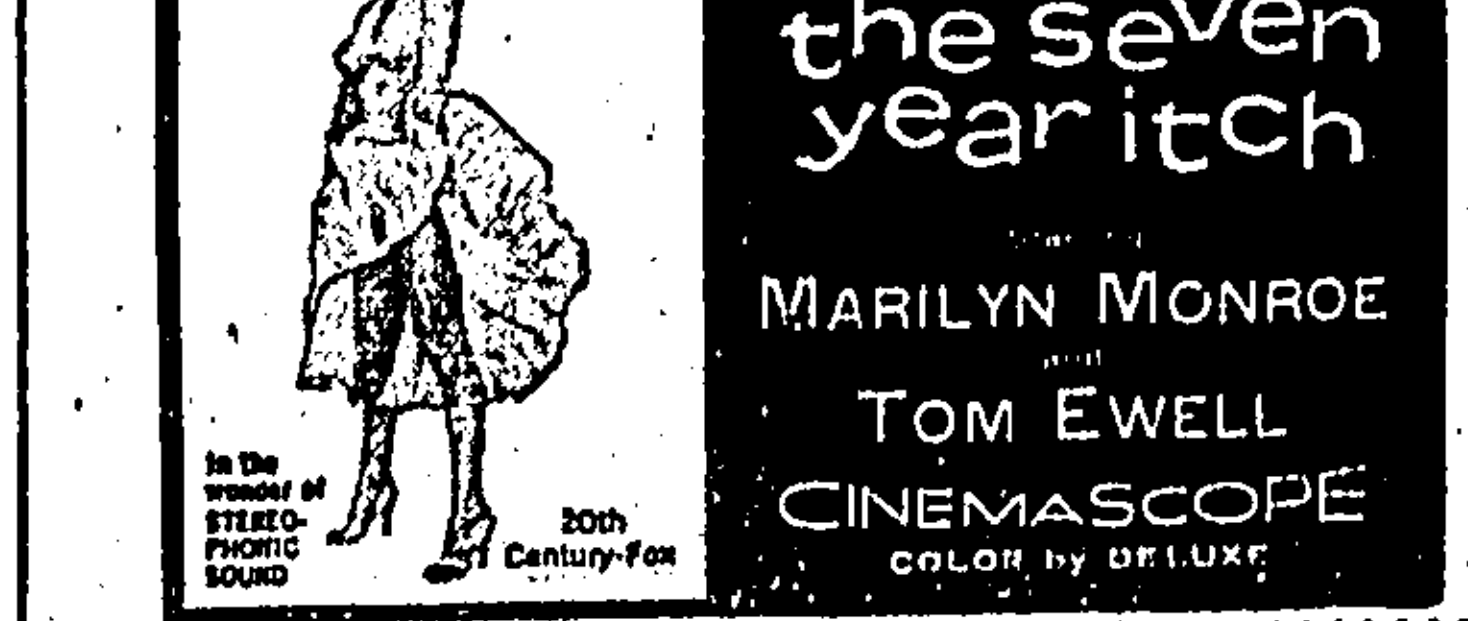
QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA EMPIRE

ROXY & BROADWAY

2nd CONTAGIOUS WEEK!

Owing to length of picture please note change of times:
At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

THOUSANDS OF HONGKONG-ITES ARE STILL ITCHING TO SEE AND LAUGH AT—



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

AT 12.00 NOON

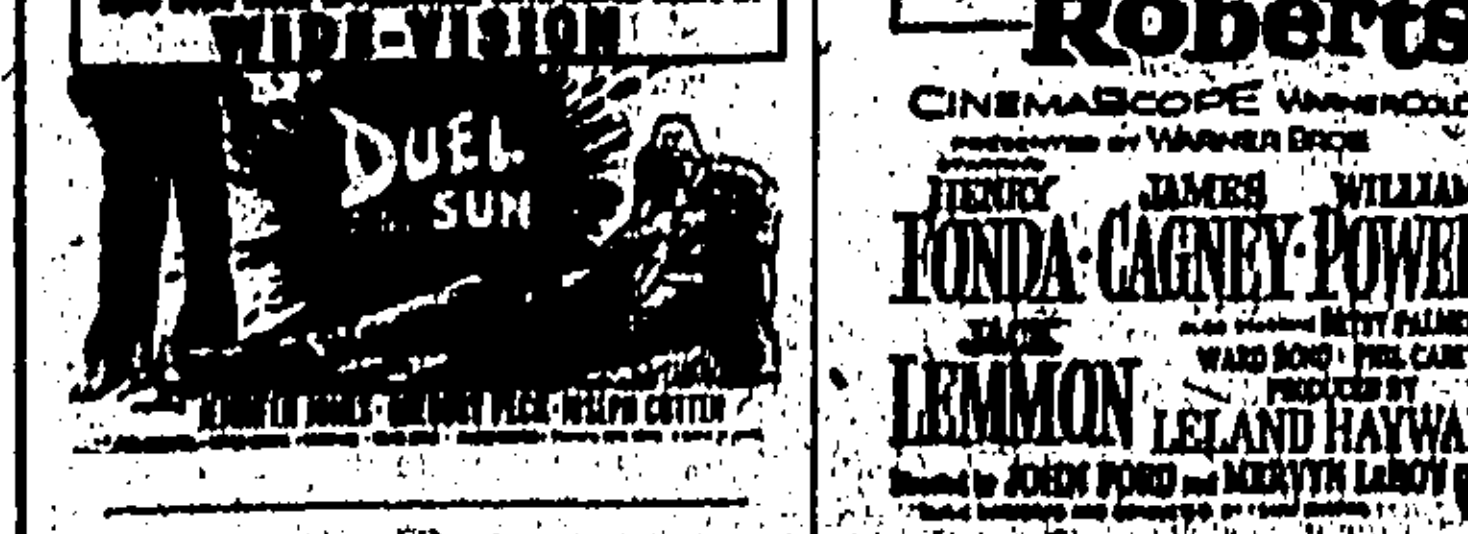
ROXY: A SELECTED PROGRAMME OF TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS Presented by 20th Century-Fox
BROADWAY: A SPECIAL PROGRAMME OF TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS Presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

— Reduced Admission —
ROXY: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70c. BROADWAY: \$1.20 & 70c.

CAPITOL RITZ

SPECIAL TIMES:

AT 2.30, 5.00, 7.15 & 9.30 P.M.



SUNDAY MORNING SHOW

AT 12.30 P.M.
Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis in "Scared Stiff"

TO-MORROW SPECIAL SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.
Jane Russell & Louis Hayward in "THE NAUGHTY WIDOW"

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Where Blind Girls Learn To Become Telephonists

Turin. There are many schools in Italy which train young girls to be competent telephone operators but perhaps the one here called "Vittorino da Feltri" is somewhat out of the ordinary—from our point of view.

At first sight it appears no different from many others. However, there is an intangible atmosphere of efficiency in the "Vittorino da Feltri" School and something about the girls that you find hard to define. The main classroom where 40 girls sit at benches is exceptionally neat and tidy and is a kind of quiet place about them. Nothing appears to distract them.

While the instructor is busy on other matters they do not talk among themselves. During this time they read large textbooks, their fingers running so strangely over the pages. They are all so intent upon what they are learning as if life itself depends on it and they assimilate all they can. But in fact so much depends on what they themselves learn.

Special Switchboards

For all these 40 girls are completely blind. And the girls in the school realize themselves how important it is to learn a job usually relegated to a pretty young maid. For these girls, switchboards are specially constructed and instead of lights there are sounds and methods of touch so important to the fingers of the blind.

The girls at the "Vittorino da Feltri" school are trained for a period of three months. They learn all about the invention of the telephone from braille text-books. On the side they go through classes of history, geography, mathematics and general culture. A must to learn at the school is voice control.

So far three girls have won diplomas for really exceptional efficiency and after much difficulty were employed at special plants in Milan and Turin.

There is much to do after one of the girls has learned to be a telephone operator, one of the teachers said.

The main problem is to convince employers that these girls are just as efficient as others. With the help of the Government that is slowly coming about.

Taught To Type

The girls too are taught to type and are much faster than any normal typist through the sensitivity of their fingertips. They can take a remarkably fast short-hand dictation, and in this field the school here plan to teach a number of girls to run an office. All that would be required would be a number of minor changes so that the girls could use their sense of touch to the utmost.

The girls at present at the school have been the best class so far put through the three months' training. For them to be independent and able to work at a job normally as any girl with sight, said a teacher, is their profound desire.

They are never too tired to learn something. For instance they have set about to translate the Turin telephone book into Braille. A book about two inches thick, 1,000 pages and containing as near enough to 500,000 names. — United Press.

TO THE MOON AND BACK

America's Consumption Of Frankfurters

Chicago. A scholarly study by the American Meat Institute shows that all the frankfurters eaten by Americans this year would stretch to the moon and back. And there would be enough left over to circle the earth. To put it in more humdrum terms, Americans consume about 1½ billion frankfurters a year.

Further data gleaned from the magazine National Livestock Producer shows that the average American eats the meat equivalent of 33 hogs, 10 lambs, eight steers and four veal calves. That is provided he lives to be 68.3 years of age, today's normal life expectancy.

The frankfurter came to America from the old German city of the same name. Its cousin, the Wiener, came from Vienna. — United Press.

From Paris: A Police Chief Tackles The Traffic Problem The Napoleon Way.

From New York: There Are More Hazards In The Home Than On The Highway.

From Seoul: Korea Is Now Growing Fresh Vegetables In Water.

From Turin: Blind Girls Are Trained To Become Telephonists.

INCREDIBLE AS IT SEEMS THERE ARE MORE HAZARDS INDOORS

HOMES more dangerous than HIGHWAYS

New York. Americans were warned this week that homes are more dangerous than highways. A nation-wide survey disclosed that at least 30,000,000 people were cut, bruised, burned — or worse — in accidents in their own homes in the last 12 months.

The National Safety Council estimates 820,000 non-fatal car accidents occur each year. More than five million of those injured at home have been so disabled they needed expert treatment by doctors or nurses, the survey showed. Little boys and their mothers headed the list of victims com-

plied by Dr. Alfred L. Moseley, a Boston consulting psychologist who directed the study. Older people ranked third. Fathers and daughters were last.

Dr. Moseley, who is in New York to present his findings at a two-day Home Safety Conference sponsored by the Boston Institute for Safety Living, said in an interview the increase in household hazards had resulted mainly from growing tensions of city life, attempts to "keep up with the Joneses" and "Do-it-yourself" movement.

The chief danger zone found by Dr. Moseley's survey was the American home occupied by a family with an income of \$2,000 to \$3,000 a year. People in the \$5,000 to \$20,000 live almost as dangerously, he said.

The safest homes, he said, were occupied by the childless wealthy who lived in city apartments and poverty-stricken tenants of tenements.

Farm Homes Safer

"The richest don't do things for themselves that involve hazards," Dr. Moseley said, "and the poorest just let things go."

Farm homes were much safer than city dwellings, Dr. Moseley said, because country people were generally under less stress and strain and had their lives down to more of a routine. White collar workers,

their wives and children were far more prone to accidents, he said.

Among the "weapons" people turn on themselves are loaded guns, stairways without adequate railings, stored gasoline and clearing fluids, power lawnmowers, loose rugs, medicines and even hairpins, Dr. Moseley said.

"Do-it-yourself" tools inflicted a total of 700,000 disabling injuries during the last year alone, he said.

Emotional Conflicts

The most common disabling injuries listed resulted in lacerations, fractures, contusions, burns and scalds, sprains, puncture wounds, poisoning, crushing, amputations and bites and gunshot wounds.

"Accidents result mainly from serious emotional conflicts and architectural problems," Dr. Moseley said. "For instance, a neighbor complains about apples falling from the tree next door onto his lawn. The tree owner is furious. He goes for his saw in the basement and in his fury slips and falls down the stairs and breaks his leg."

"Every home is full of hazards. Railings are missing from stairways. Rugs aren't fastened down. Risk-taking is part of everyone's normal experience. We must learn to live with the risks." — United Press.

Now They Grow Vegetables In Water Beds

Seoul. Korea is now growing fresh vegetables without planting them in soil. South Korea has just opened its first hydroponic farm where plants are grown in chemically-treated water and gravel instead of soil.

The one-acre farm, 30 miles south of Seoul at Suwon, was first suggested by President Syngman Rhee.

The 80-year-old President remembered that the US army had first set up a hydroponic farm in Japan to supply fresh vegetables for GIs here during the Korean War.

U.N. Project

The new farm consists of 52 giant concrete beds holding the vegetables planted in gravel. Four other large concrete tanks contain chemical-bearing water which is circulated to the plants by four electric pumps.

The four tanks make it possible for technicians to experiment with different chemical mixtures and control the amount and kinds of "plant food."

Officials of the United Nations Korean Reconstruction Agency who set up the hydroponic farm say it will enable Korean scientists to determine the needs of different vegetables for various chemical foods.

What the scientists find out may help increase crop yields of the Korean soil which is so worn out that it takes millions of dollars worth of fertilizer to produce the rice that feeds this nation.

Only Two In Asia

And, hydroponic farming itself may be expanded in Korea if this first farm, one of the only two in Asia, proves successful.

Although only cucumbers and radishes are now being grown, other crops will be planted this autumn and the fresh vegetables sold commercially.

The Seoul National University College of Agriculture will use the Government-owned farm for research and training. — United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Why does the boss always wait till quitting time to start showing pictures of the big fish he caught on his vacation?"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ THEY CALL HIM NAPOLEON (ALTHOUGH HE'S ONLY DEALING WITH TRAFFIC)

Because He Plans A Grand Strategy

Paris. Police Prefect Andre Dubois, who tackles a traffic jam the way Napoleon tackled a battle, is mapping a grand strategy to clear up the French capital's monumental traffic problem.

Parisians believe it will take a man of Napoleonic genius to do it.

Dubois may be the man, for the nickname of Napoleon is beginning to stick.

Last year he gained wide renown by ordering Parisian motorists to stop blowing their horns, and then getting them to obey the order.

There are almost 1,000,000 motor vehicles in the department of the Seine, which includes Paris and its close suburbs. The number grows by 150 every day.

Things To Come

A frightening preview of what the future may hold took place 10 days ago when 200,000 of these cars became locked in what may rank as the worst traffic jam in history.

A strike had idled all subway trains and buses. At the evening rush hour the streets began filling with cars.

Then more cars, and still more cars. At the height of the rush, they all suddenly stopped moving.

It took police four hours to untangle the jam. The experience left patrolmen exhausted but it whetted the appetite of Prefect Dubois. He is ready for action.

As from October 1, my car illegally parked and hindering traffic on a Paris street will be forthwith hauled away. No bothering with traffic tickets. Most motorists have been willing to pay the 500 francs (about 10 shillings) fine for the privilege of parking their car.

More Underground

Meanwhile, certain north-south routes will be cleared of bus stops, taxi stands and pushcart markets that tend to impede the flow of cars.

M. Dubois admits such measures as these will supply relief but not a cure. The streets themselves are partly to blame, and Paris has allotted 3,500,000,000 francs (about \$3,500,000) for improvement of main traffic arteries and construction of underpasses.

Eventually, Paris city planners hope to set a network of underground highways to take through traffic off the streets. Unfortunately, however, most of the space under Paris is already taken by subway tunnels, electric and water mains, and the famous sewers. — United Press.

LUXURY TOURIST TRADE

Japan Plans A Comeback With Two Big Liners

Tokyo. Japan's bid for supremacy in the Pacific luxury passenger ship race is now in the blueprint stage.

About 100,000 foreigners will visit Japan next year, and spring and autumn reservations are expected to be sold out. Japan wants to bring in foreign exchange in the form of passenger fares.

NYK Lines announced plans to build two 20,000-ton passenger ships, bigger and faster than Japan's pre-war luxury liners. Each ship will cost \$12,500,000. Construction of the first is scheduled to start next year.

Government Money

The Japanese Government would put up the money. When completed, the ships will be owned by the Government and chartered by NYK, which would purchase them from the Government within 25 years.

No luxury ships have been built in Japan since the end of the war, although this country has made tremendous strides in rebuilding its tanker and freighter fleet. Japan's pre-war passenger fleet, converted to troop ships, was completely sunk in World War II.

Japan's new fleet will bid for the upper-bracket American tourist. There will be no third class accommodations.

Interior decoration will not copy European modes, but will take in the good points of Japanese taste. The pre-war NYK fleet was noted for outstanding service and good food. NYK is now confident that through reviving this traditional service it can fully satisfy the most discriminating passenger. — United Press.

Mayor Of London Becomes A Colonel

Oklahoma, City. From now on the proper title will be Honourable Colonel Right Honourable Lord Mayor of the City of London, Sir H. W. Seymour Howard. Oklahoma Governor Raymond Gary conferred the additional honour on Sir Howard, who previously had been known only as the Right Honourable Lord Mayor of the City of London. — United Press.



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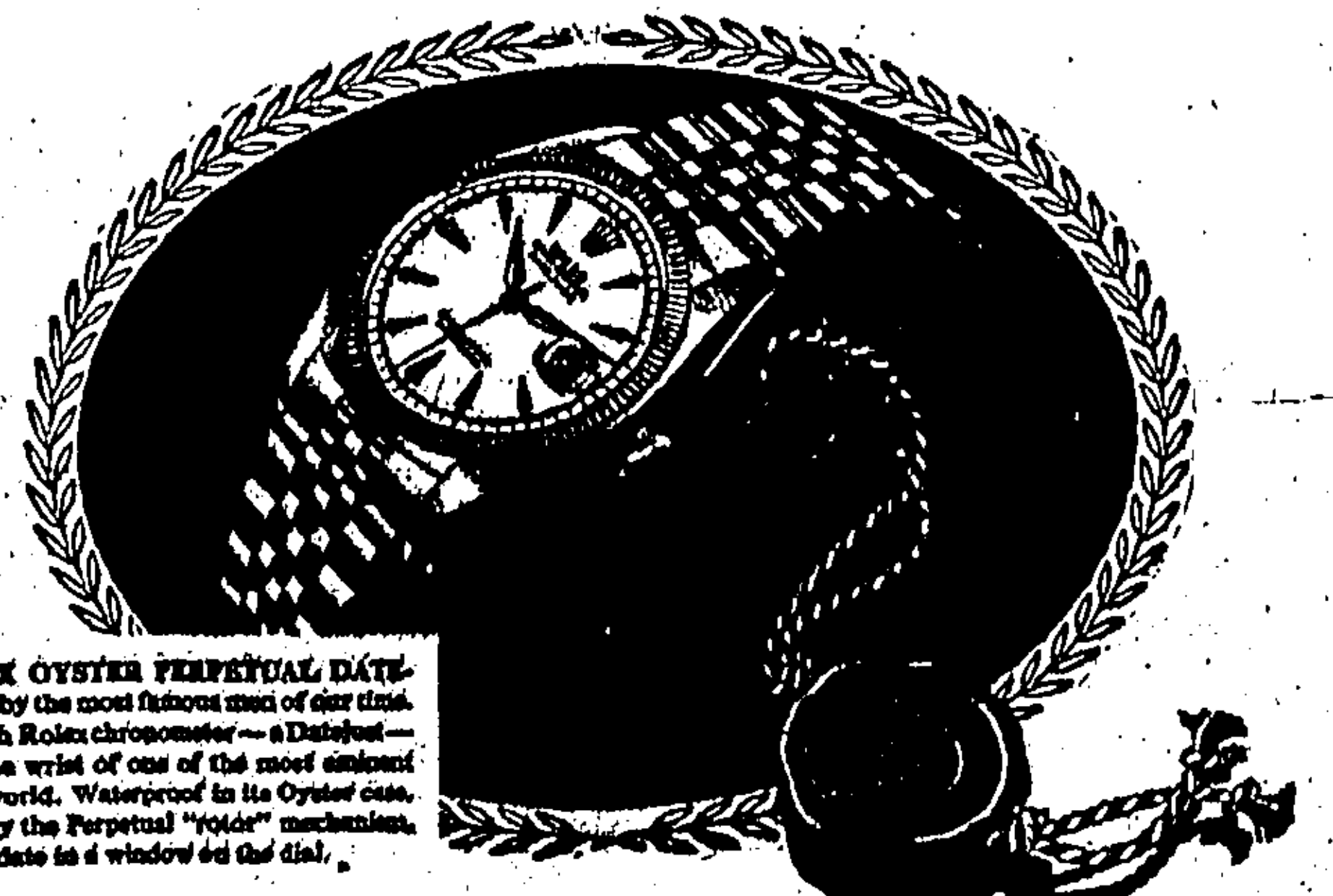
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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



NUMBER 14 from the Throne is Henry Ullick Lascelles, shown here affecting an accompaniment to his version of "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep" at his parents' home in a Bayswater close. His father, Gerald Lascelles, is the younger son of the Princess Royal. (Express)



A GROUP of young airmen at camp in Bawtry, near Doncaster, have decided to modify their Teddy Boy walking-out clothes because they fear the outfits may give the camp a bad name. Left: Andrew Lochrie in the orthodox Teddy Boy suit. Right: Daniel Tolan in the toned-down style. (Express)



RADIO and television star Gilbert Harding provides a distinctive note in men's fashions at a BBC artists' party. The cummerbund excited much comment. (Express)



SWEDISH stage and screen star Mal Zetterling sitting for her portrait by Chelsea artist John Wynne-Morgan. Now 49, Wynne-Morgan studied painting while convalescing in Algiers during the war, and sold a prosperous business ten years ago to devote himself exclusively to art. (Express)



TO take up the £1,500-a-year position of Private Secretary to Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother is Lt-Col Martin Gilliat, for the past two years Military Secretary to Australia's Governor-General, Sir William Slim. A bachelor, his home is in Welwyn, Hertfordshire. (Express)



LINDA CHRISTIAN, who recently obtained a million-dollar divorce from Hollywood star Tyrone Power, and 27-year-old British actor Edmund Purdom have figured lately in romance reports. They are seen at a London cafe with two admirers. (Express)



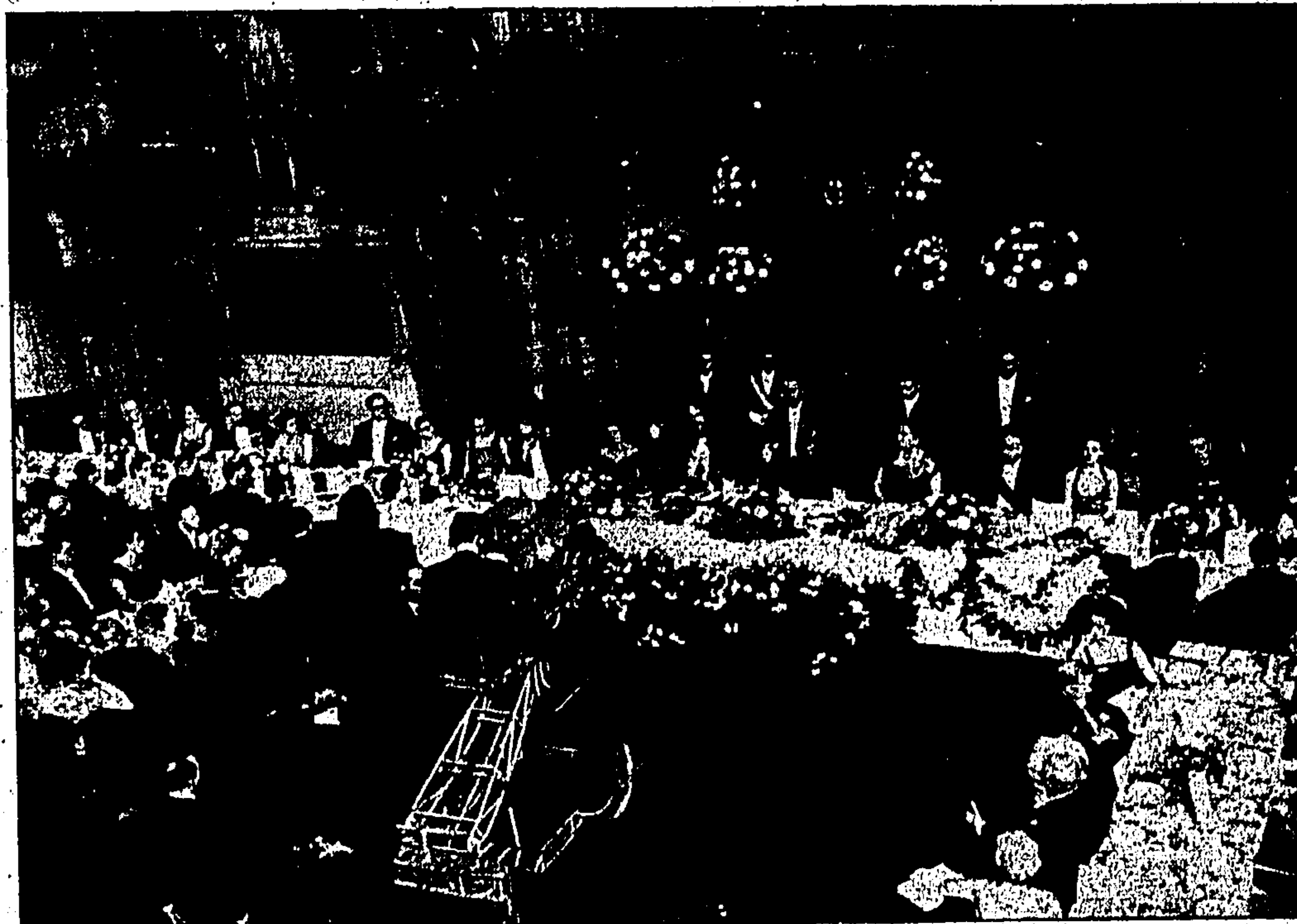
BEWITCHING Joan Greenwood seems to have no difficulty in casting a spell on actor Rex Harrison in this scene from the London comedy, "Bell, Book and Candle," by John Druten. The play marks Joan's return to the West End stage after a lengthy stint in films and on Broadway. (Express)



LEFT: French-born Odette Churchill, famous wartime secret agent, is being sued for divorce by her husband, Captain Peter Churchill. He was her commanding officer in their work with the French underground movement. Picture shows them following their marriage in 1947. (Express)



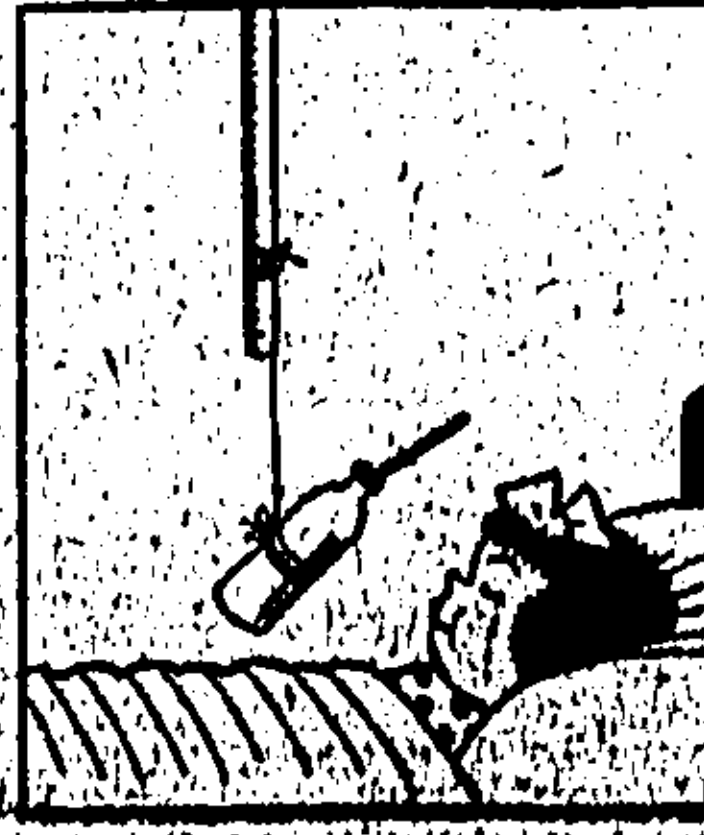
LEFT BELOW: Special mechanical diggers made their first appearance in an Army guise during the Wessex Infantry Division's recent nuclear warfare exercise on Salisbury Plain. Called the "Dinkum," it digs a slit trench in a tenth of the time it would take two soldiers to do it by hand. (Army News)



WHEN commercial television made its appearance on British viewers' screens recently, it shattered the BBC monopoly on the medium. The Independent Television Authority gave a banquet at the Guildhall to give it a good send-off. The ITA chairman, Sir Kenneth Clark, is shown outlining the aims of the company at the banquet, which was, of course, televised. (Express)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



BLACK
MAGIC
ASSORTED
CHOCOLATES

IN SINGAPORE:

STRIKES
AS
USUALBY
Russell Spurr

Singapore. MY hotel is strike-bound. The staff have been out for more than two months.

The few remaining guests fumble over makeshift buffet meals in the waiterless dining room. The highly-paid pianist who once tinkled out the mealtime music now washes in the kitchen. The ballroom orchestra has been dismissed.

The bar is closed. The palms in the outdoor beer garden are drooping and neglected.

Up in my air-conditioned bedroom I sweep the floor and make my own bed. The cream-and-gilt dressing table is festooned with my drying underwear.

Hotel staff still picket the entrance. Inspired by neo-Communists, they decorate it with lurid cartoons of "blood-sucking capitalists" (the impoverished management) and "patrons of the bosses" (people like me).

LOST MANHOURS

Indeed, in Singapore these days, "everything strikes but the matches."

Something like a million man-hours have been lost through strikes in the past four months. From the Hok Lee bus drivers—whose strike set off bloody rioting—to the men who sweep the city streets.

There is hardly a factory, store, hotel or restaurant that has not been affected.

Some of the strikers' demands have been justified. Sweatshop labour is not unknown in Singapore. Some of the demands have not; it is significant that some of the best-paid and best-run firms have been the worst hit.

Union leaders have concentrated more on whipping up trouble than negotiating for better conditions. They have often refused to negotiate for weeks on end—then suddenly accepted terms that could have been arranged without a stoppage.

MARSHALL PLAN

Employers meantime have suffered crippling losses.

The extremists are known to the police. So are the thugs who have repeatedly beaten and intimidated non-strikers. I have seen some of the dossiers. They make frightening reading.

But action cannot be taken without the Singapore Government's consent. And the Government does not know quite how to act.

David Marshall, the "bush-shirt" Premier, has his own Marshall plan. He wants to set up a "Bank of Malaya" to make Singapore the financial clearing house of South-East Asia.

He wants to visit India, Pakistan, Burma and Ceylon to win his Government Asian recognition.

He wants to woo the surly Singapore Chinese from supporting their Communist motherland.

Yet, David Marshall has his plan. Perhaps he is the only good, God-fearing, Commonwealth-supporting Singapore politician who can carry it out.

But the fanatical neo-Communist opposition, led by Cambridge-educated lawyer Lee Kuan Yew, is out to win power. At any price.

GETTING OUT

Comrade Lee's rabble-rousing speeches have already created such bitterness against the white man that "expatriate" has become a filthy word.

Many Britons who have spent their lives serving the colony are seeking other jobs. So are the younger business men.

They say: "We are getting out while the going's good."

The Opposition's chief weapon is the trade unions. More indirectly, the strikers, the demonstrators, the unruly mobs that seem to spring from nowhere to spread damage and injury.

Now Comrade Lee is calling out Singapore's biggest bus company. The second to strike in recent months.

Bands of demonstrators are being recruited among the unemployed. The few crowds are rehearsing the shock squads of riotous and studious are being secretly bribed.

Police riot squads are donning their steel helmets and gas masks. They are ready to steel-gear tomorrow.

Singapore strikes by for trouble—usual.

(Continued)



"Look hard, Sanders—are you watching me or am I watching you?"

London Express Service

I JOINED THIS NAVY TO SEE THE WORLD

And what do I see?
I SEE THE SEA

BEFORE we sailed the ship's company was mustered and we filed past the captain and the directors of the Line as our names were ticked off the list. This is the only time I have worn the blue trousers and white jacket, which we had to buy from the ship's stores. Since then I have just worn blue jeans and T-shirt.

"After the muster and an endless boat drill I was ordered to scrub corridors again, and when this was finished I was allocated my job for the trip—in the plate-house. Being in the 'U-Gang' (U for Utilities Stewards) this was what I had feared.

Often in a restaurant, when the swing doors open

my wages of £26 10s. a month, a third of what I was paid for a single photograph by an American magazine.

My hours are 6.30 a.m. to 10 a.m., 12.30 p.m. to 3 p.m. and 5 p.m. to 10 p.m. An 11-hour day, seven days a week.

The hours go surprisingly quickly, for one works too hard for time to think.

No more apples

I have always relished fruit, but now I can hardly look an apple in the face. The amount of fruit that the passengers, particularly the Americans, consume is staggering.

I carry up crates of oranges, pears, grapefruit each day from the storeroom, slice hundreds of melons, pour gallons of fruit-juices, and, worst of all, prepare pineapples which ooze a



and afternoon, keep one going. There is a deceitful breeze, but it's very hot. The sea is bluer than I have ever seen it before and it is wonderful to look over the side at the flying fish that jump the spray.

In the evenings there is the Rec Room, with an old piano and Van Gogh and Renoir prints looking ill-at-ease in such surroundings.

And there is the bar where one lined up for very weak beer.

There is much music and singing and one night I caved-dropped on a jazz-session in one of the cabins, with the best bass I've ever heard made out of a bow-and-arrow and a tea chest, accompanied by guitars, a banjo, castanets, and two spoons.

But I'm too tired to stay up really late. I sleep within a moment of touching the pillow.

I have no regrets about joining the Merchant Navy. It's an extraordinary existence. For one thing, the life is a complete leveller. There are no age distinctions, the ball-boys of 16 and the old salts are equals except in pay. Although the boys only make £11 a month, it strikes me as an exceptionally good life for them. There's a free-and-easy atmosphere that cannot help but do them good.

A Shower

I am surprised by our conditions. The hot jungle that is our home was a maze at first and it took me an endless time to find my cabin—now it seems to have shrunk.

The Rec Room, which looked airless and dirty, now seems luxurious.

The cabin is fine, except that the air in the morning is heavy and stale. And one character insists on turning off all the ventilators last thing at night to prevent him from catching a chill.

We are all delighted that the has gone sick with, ironically enough, the chill he was trying to prevent.

We sweat all day and it means a lot to be able to have a shower, which I do each

I've been joined in the Fruit Locker by a steward who was asked by an American if he liked America. Unwisely he said "No." Whereupon the American promptly reported him to the captain for being un-American and the steward must now be kept out of contact with all passengers.

Except for the brief hours on deck there is little feeling of being on board ship. It's more like a vast hotel. There is not much roll, but I dread the day there is for I have to throw all the refuse and empty crates out of an enormous open door from very slippery tiles. The slightest heave and I'd go overboard and be sucked, so I'm told, straight into the propellers.

The great disappointment so far is that tomorrow we anchor three miles outside Port of Spain, in Trinidad, but the crew will not be allowed ashore. "If it's a fine day we can see the coast."

I am now looking forward to going ashore in Panama, but I have an uneasy feeling that, if the joy of travelling is really never to arrive, then this is the ship to be on.

(Continued)

Melon, melon

All this is forbidden, but like many unsatisfactory systems it seems the best.

It means, of course, that we eat first-rate food, for the first-class passengers eat meals which would certainly cost them more than two pounds in a London restaurant.

The passengers are mere "orders." So far I've not seen one. There is a woman who eats dry-ginger with every meal, an Australian who "eats like a horse" as an exasperated waiter told me.

"He starts with melon, then omelette, then melon again, and grapefruit."



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MRS POST ADDS A POSTSCRIPT

AT 68, AMERICA'S TOP HOSTESS
EXTENDS HER HORIZONS

From EVELYN IRONS

NEW YORK. Then, now the world's biggest packaged food concern, with 24 acres. The imposingly porticoed house is now being redecorated as a setting for her millions of dollars worth of low house furniture.

If guests at her fabulously appointed houses have any criticism, it is that it is like staying in a museum. The rooms are stuffed with things. Mrs. Post is an expert on 18th century French furniture and American-Indian bric-a-brac. She studied antiques with London's Lord Dunsen and textiles with New York's Metropolitan Museum. Her possessions are priceless.

In her bedroom she uses the gold dressing-table set made by the City of Paris for the mother of the late Tsar of Russia, and the exquisite desk which was one of Marie Antoinette's wedding presents.

Topaz and jade

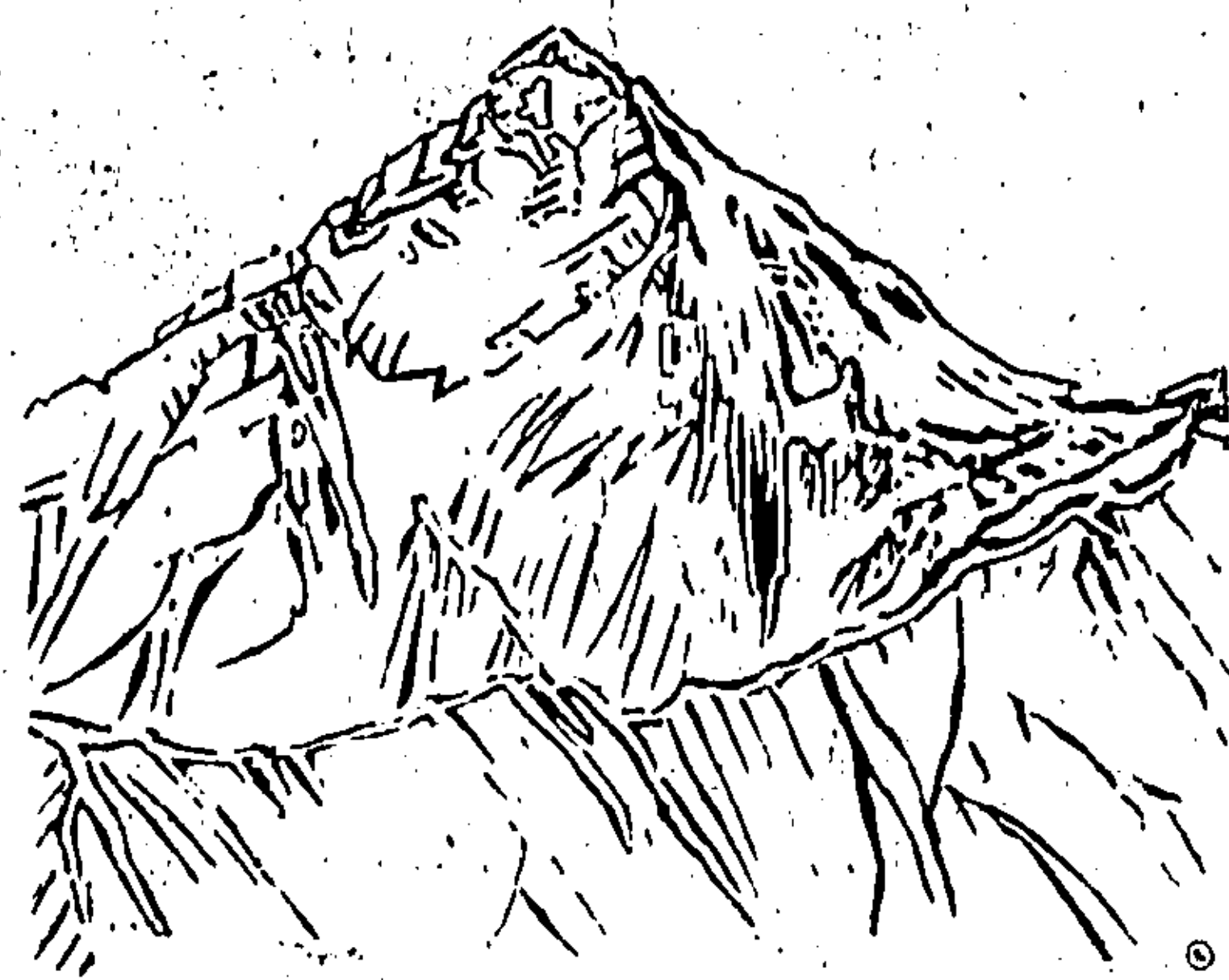
Her third home, from which she has just returned after a season of summer entertaining, is Topridge, a private village on a lake in the ruggedly picturesque Adirondack mountains. It is so secluded that not even a bridle path leads to it. Visitors are taken there by launch across Upper St. Regis Lake. She has house parties of 30 there, grouped in individual luxury cottages, with 40 servants to look after them.

Four cents

Her income places her in America's highest-of-all tax bracket. She is allowed to keep only four cents out of every dollar. Because of taxes, she has had to make one concession to austerity. She has sold her 350-ft. square-jagged clipper, Sea Cloud, one of the biggest private yachts in the world. It required a crew of 72, and cost her \$1,000,000 a year to keep up.

Mrs. Post is, however, expanding her empire in other directions. This winter, after an absence of six years, she is reopening her vast villa, Mar-a-Lago, on the ocean at Palm Beach, Florida. She has had some of her most fantastic parties there. Once she hired the whole Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey circus to put on a three-day show on the estate, one day for her private guests and the other two for charity.

Tregaron, the 21-acre Washington estate which was her home for more than 10 years, and included a nine-hole golf course, was in Mr. Davies's name. So since the divorce,



When Everest was conquered by Hillary and Tensing, the victory was the culmination of a big-scale operation organised in military fashion by a soldier. Thousands of pounds were deployed to gather skilled labour, special boots, tents, cookers, oxygen tanks and food for the venture. Since then, another British expedition has penetrated to Sola Khambu, the Valley of Fifteen Peaks. This is the story of that expedition.

immigration office knew nothing about.

He worked, and saved his money. By the time McInnes was able to join him in New Zealand they were able to scrape up £250 each.

This isn't much. The steamer fare to India was £175, and train fares there would cost

an impression in their modest way as Clive had done.

This was a new kind of sahib. With their hundred-pound packs, their lack of inhibition and their practically empty pockets, they were a fresh species. Their route lay by rail to Patna, steamer up the Ganges to Sondur Ghat, and rail to Nepal.

"The sun was hot, and we dumped our packs and sat on one of these pedestals. In flash, the traffic cop shot out of a house near by and jumped on to the pedestal and waved us on up the street."

"We were probably the only chance he had had to wave his arms for six months."

Their first real trouble arose when they arrived at Nepal. The Nepalese are still sticky about strangers and very sparing with their entry permits. Cunningham and McInnes had set out blithely after being refused permits, but the problem suddenly had to be faced.

"There was another problem too," Cunningham recalls. "I had done all right with my Urdu studies, but I discovered right away that the Nepalese don't speak Urdu. For some illogical reason they speak Nepalese."

"In a way, this helped, since it evoked the maximum confusion. When the frontier police asked for our entry permits we played daff."

"I pulled out my vaccination certificate, which baffled them, but they finally waved it away and kept their hands out. I tried other official documents—anything at all, but they wanted that permit."

"Then I shouted triumphantly and gave them the last letter I had had from my mother. I could see we had them worried by this time."

"Hamish and I joined in the game of muttering and gesticulating and smiling winningly, and we finally just wore them down. They decided it would be less trouble to let us through than to argue any longer, and we were in."

The climbers did even better than this with their winning personalities. The frontier police at Namche Bazaar invited them to stay for a few days as their guests, and everyone had a good time before the boys moved on.

With a certain amount of money to spend, Cunningham and McInnes were prepared to hire porters from time to time, and did. But to Nepalese, accustomed to Rolls-Royce-type expeditions, they were sometimes a crushing disappointment.

Inside Nepal, from Tan Khot to Kathmandu, there is a bus service—an aged vehicle that apparently dated back to the days of Kublai Khan.

The driver and conductor of this bus were really hard businessmen," Cunningham told me. "I don't blame them, of course—they're used to rich climbers. They were willing to carry us to Kathmandu, but they wanted us to hire the whole bus, at a price in the region of the national debt."

It never occurred to them to snub his generous invitation. They drank the lemonade, and were rewarded with the evident grace of their host. For one India, a giant step forward had been made in inter-racial relations.

They had a glimpse of another India in Bergunje, a little village en route for Nepal.

"We wanted two seats like any other peasants, and workmen's tickets if possible. We had rather an unpleasant discussion about it, and finally Hamish and I walked away threatening to call the police."

"I don't know if they understood, and we certainly had no intention of calling anybody, but we hadn't gone far when the bus pursued us and the lads indicated that they had changed their minds."

"We shook off our packs, and they rushed to help us aboard with them. But they couldn't get them off the ground."

"The driver was actually struggling with Hamish's, and going black in the face, when Hamish swung it up to the bus door, with the Nepalese dangling from it. Hamish is a very strong boy."

"Nobody argued any more, and we got to Kathmandu."

The expedition, like more famous expeditions, was now in Nepal. The rest was going to be simple. All they had to do was walk with their packs to the vicinity of Everest. It was only a few hundred miles away.

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NEXT SATURDAY:
THE EPIDEMIC

Beginning Today: Another Fascinating Series ADVENTURE ON A SHOESTRING

Two Men's Target: Everest On £30

By CLIFF HANLEY

THE expedition consisted of two men—a carpenter and a shipyard, he brooded over Everest. He had the weird notion that if he worked his passage to India, one day, he might be able to tackle the unclimbable mountain on about £30. A boy's crazy dream! But what he finally did do doesn't sound much less crazy.

They made their final assault in one day of solid climbing and descended in darkness, without porters or Sherpas, and their rations were a raw turnip each, a bar of chocolate and a tin of pate de foie gras.

This is Himalayan climbing Scottish style. Without sponsorship or funds, sometimes without food, for much of the time without even a tent, and all the time without permission to enter Nepal at all, 28-year-old John Cunningham and Hamish McInnes walked 600 miles with 100 pound packs to discover if they could tackle the Himalayas and discovered that they could.

PRINCIPALS

A Norwegian explorer back from three years in Antarctica heard some of their story a few weeks ago and declared flatly that this story caps Kon-Tiki. By any standards it ranks as one of the great adventures of the century.

John Cunningham is a slight, modest man who would not stand out in a crowd—climbers are not always obviously muscle men.

As it happens, he is as tough as teak. He has been climbing in Scotland for 13 years, and many good judges consider him the finest rock-climber in Scotland.

This means that he has superb co-ordination and balance and a high-power-to-weight ratio. A few years ago he held a West of Scotland championship in catch-us-catch-can wrestling.

As an apprentice carpenter in John Brown's

shipyard, he brooded over Everest. He had the weird notion that if he worked his passage to India, one day, he might be able to tackle the unclimbable mountain on about £30. A boy's crazy dream! But what he finally did do doesn't sound much less crazy.

Hamish McInnes is a good climber, though probably not in Cunningham's class. He has two other talents. He is big and prodigiously strong, and he has a lack of inhibitions in his attitude to life.

CUCKOO

Some years back he approached Cunningham as a stranger and suggested that they should join up for an Everest climb.

"I could borrow a tent, and I know a bloke with crampons he doesn't need. Have you got a rope?" This was the kind of proposition you could expect from McInnes.

In the Craig Dhu climbing club they sometimes called him Cuckoo. He had a talent for worming his way into other people's tents and commandeering other people's gear with a casual persistence that raised them to admiration rather than rage. It was a useful talent to fake to Nepal.

This was the team that set out to tackle the Himalayas. Eric Shipton, whose word stands high in climbing, has suggested the wisdom of doing the job with a small party, living as much as possible off the land.

AN OFFER

Shipton wasn't thinking of a team as small as two men, and it was originally planned to have four in the party, but the two others couldn't make the trip East.

By 1953, John Cunningham had gone to New Zealand. His time as a carpenter was out, and he travelled free as an assisted immigrant, but he had plans the

more. As an assisted emigrant leaving the country before his contracted period was out, Cunningham had to find an extra £80 to deposit with the New Zealand Government as a token of good faith against his return.

They decided to worry about money problems when they were broke. Just before they boarded ship, a New Zealand climbing enthusiast came to Cunningham.

He had heard about their expedition and wanted to offer them his yak tent in case they had none of their own. They had none of their own.

During the crossing, McInnes and Cunningham succeeded in charming the women passengers. A ladies' sewing circle was established to sew their ground-sheets into the tent—the two things have to be joined together for Himalayan work, otherwise the tent is liable to be blown away.

Cunningham and McInnes, the most laughable looking expedition ever to land in Mother India, shouldered their huge packs and reeled down the gangplank at Bombay at the end of July last year.

By this time they knew roughly where they stood. They had applied through the Himalayan Club to the Nepal Government for permission to enter Nepal. The application was turned down flat.

TOO LATE

In an effort to get whatever was going free, they had written whoedling letters to several big firms who might be interested in prestige. A chocolate firm obliged with a hundred bars. Another letter brought McInnes a beautiful jacket, but Cunningham left his letter too late and heard no more about it.

A world-wide photographic company was willing to supply them, with gear and films in exchange for complete rights over all pictures taken.

They turned the offer down and found a camera on their own.

Their funds were down to £75 each and they had to cross practically the whole of India before they could even start walking.

"You know, what?" said McInnes. "We're pampered, that's what."

"You're dead right, boy," said Cunningham. "It must be murder to be rich. Come on. And they set off for Kathmandu."

India has had some centuries to grow accustomed to the British, and some people say the East is never surprised. But when John Cunningham and Hamish McInnes landed in Bombay, they made as much of

"We would have hired elephants and done the thing in style," Cunningham admits modestly. "But they didn't have any half-crown elephants."

By avoiding first-class hotels, which was easy, and adapting their habits to the country, they absorbed themselves without difficulty into the population.

Cunningham had spent some time on an Urdu textbook and could even occasionally meet some Indians on their own ground.

Two incidents on the journey indicate how different this Scottish Himalayan expedition was from the traditional safaris.

TRANSACTION

One of their travelling companions was a Eurasian who became friendly with two Scots, accepted their shortage of cash as a reasonable thing, and offered them some of his own food, which they accepted in the same friendly spirit.

A well-dressed Indian watched this transaction in some puzzlement, never having seen a Glasgow sahib at close quarters. Cunningham and McInnes became aware of his scrutiny during the later stages of the journey, and were slightly disturbed by it.

But on the Ganges steamer, the Indian introduced himself to them. He was obviously trying to conceal his embarrassment as he asked them if they would allow him to stand them a glass of lemonade.

It never occurred to them to snub his generous invitation. They drank the lemonade, and were rewarded with the evident grace of their host. For one India, a giant step forward had been made in inter-racial relations.

They had a glimpse of another India in Bergunje, a little village en route for Nepal.

EASY CATCH

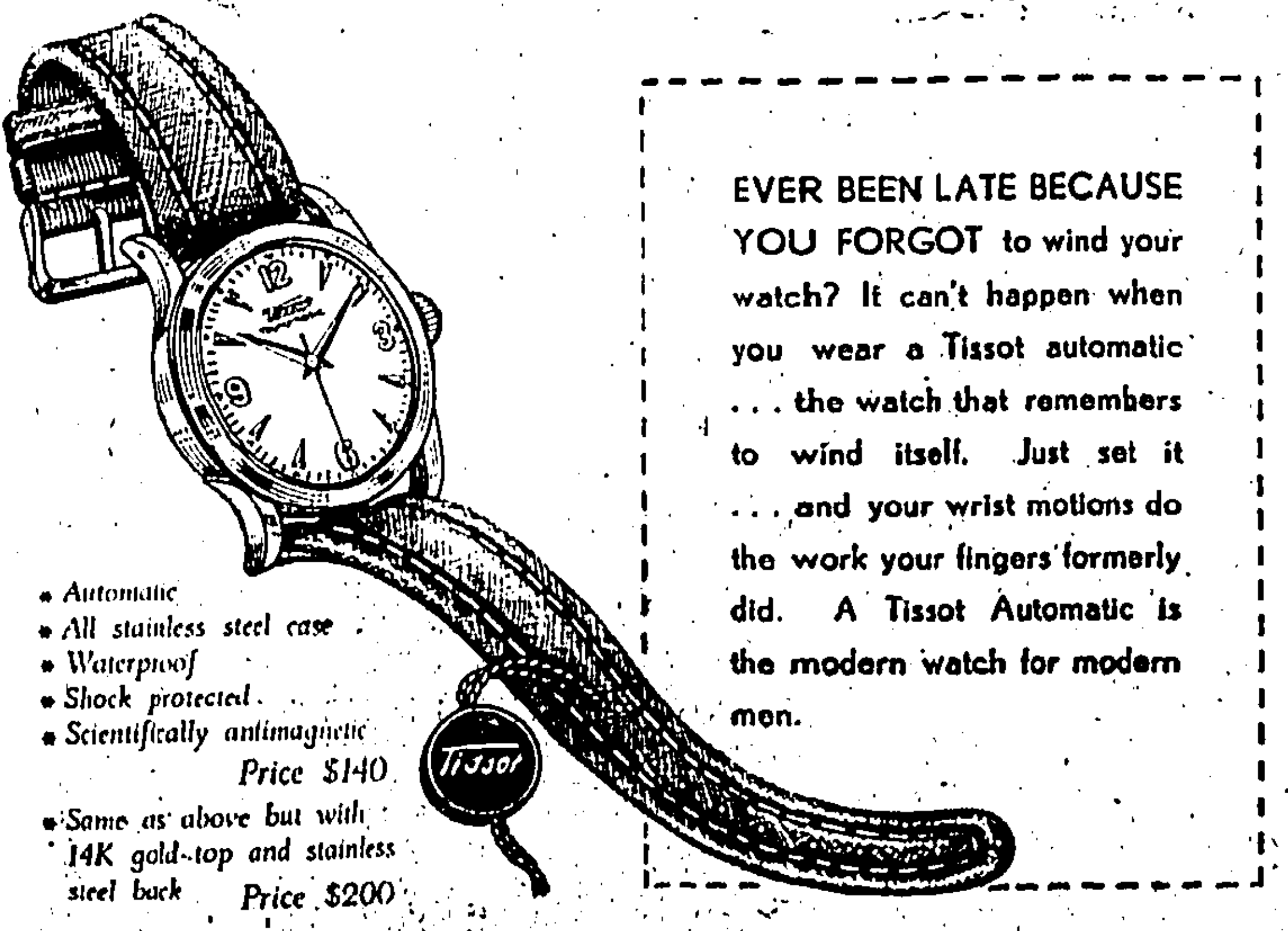
"They've got a small stream running past the village, with fish in it. But why walk to the burn?" The villagers have diverted the stream through the main street of the village, and they can fish without even leaving their front doors.

"And they catch them in umbrellas, honestly. They just dip the broilies in the water with the ferrules pointing downstream and pick them up full of water and sometimes fish too. We could learn something from the Indians."

"But what tickled us about Bergunje was the conscientiousness of the police. The streets were completely deserted when we stopped for a rest—traffic is something they've never heard of."

"But they have little stone pedestals in the middle of the street for traffic cops, in case two barrows arrive in town on the same day and create a jam."

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



One of the World's Strangest Stories

WHO WAS THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK?

By GERALD BOWMAN

If you go to the Ile Ste. Marguerite, which lies off the charming little Riviera town of Antibes, you will enter an ancient stronghold. There a small, grim cell will be pointed out to you as the one in which the Man in the Iron Mask was imprisoned.

If you read — as I recommend you do — "The Man in the Iron Mask" by Alexandre Dumas, you will learn how in the Ste. Marguerite stronghold the musketeers D'Aragnan and Anous hid in an angle of a stone staircase and saw a prisoner rearing from a chair. "By the red flashes of the lightning against the violet fog which the wind stamped upon the backward sky . . . at six paces behind the governor, a man clothed in black and masked by a visor of polished steel, soldered to a helmet of the same nature which altogether enveloped the whole of his head . . . the prisoner stopped for a moment to contemplate the infant horizon, to breathe the sulphurous fumes of the tempest, to drink in thrilly the hot rain, and to breathe a fog resembling a smothered roar."

Silver plate

Previously, in the story, a silver plate found upon the dry sand below had borne the inscription: "I am the brother of the King of France — a prisoner today — a madman tomorrow. French gentlemen and Christians pray to God for the soul and the reason of the son of your masters."

This was magnificent literary imagination. Dumas did not know whether the Man in the Iron Mask was really the twin brother of King Louis XIV, or whether he was a valet, a duelist — and not does anyone else who ever wrote a word upon the subject.

The only thing that is known as a fact is that a man whose name was given as "Marchall" spent over 40 years in the state prisons at Pignerol, Ste. Marguerite and the Bastille by order of Louis XIV.

There are documents which show that on September 18, 1698, a prisoner was brought in a litter to the Bastille from Ste. Marguerite by Saint-Mars, the governor. His face was obscured by a mask . . . but there is reasonable evidence that this was velvet, not of iron. Just over five years later on November 19, 1703, the prisoner died and was buried in the nearby churchyard of St. Paul.

Most likely

These are the only written records to substantiate one of the greatest romantic stories of history. They were published in 1898 by Funck-Brentano in "Legendes et Archives de la Bastille." But of all the tales concocted by Dumas, and a dozen others, the one which seems to be most likely in truth concerns no man of Royal blood.

I'll return to this later. Meanwhile, since we all love romance I have to admit that the story of his being the twin brother of Louis XIV — who was imprisoned so that he could not put forward his right to the throne — was first given out by the great Voltaire before being embellished by Dumas. In the latter account he was held to be the son of Anne of Austria. But there is no documentation of this whatever and the tongues of rumour and calumny have suggested since that the prisoner's father was Cardinal Mazarin, Fouquet or even Mollere. In any case Saint-Mars, Governor of the Bastille in 1698, admitted that he himself had circulated fairy tales about his prisoner after his death.

Double-cross

The story which most nearly fits the known facts of history concerns Count Ercole Mattioli who was Secretary of State to the Duke of Mantua. This story is told in "L'Homme au Masque de Fer" by Maurice Topin, published in 1910 — and supported by a string of other writers. In brief, Louis XIV of France knew that the Duke of Mantua was financially deep in the hands of his Jews, Louis, therefore, saw a chance of getting the valuable fortified town of Chavale, on the high road to Milan, for a payment in hard cash. This was agreeable enough to Mantua who told his

Secretary, Mattioli, to negotiate the whole thing. The wily Mattioli, however, tried to fill his own pockets by double-crossing both his master and King Louis. Louis was not of a forgiving temperament. He sent his agents after Mattioli. They kidnapped him on May 2, 1676, and carried him to the fortress of Pignerol. Here, and at Ste. Marguerite and at the Bastille, Mattioli expatiated his double-dealing through 24 years of captivity. You will note the similarity of the names "Mattioli" and "Marchall" of the Bastille documents.

One fault

There is, I admit, one fault in this story. It is really that of the Man in the Iron Mask. Unless the idea of the mask is pure Voltaire-Dumas romanticism — which is possible — why should such a prisoner as Mattioli have been required to wear a mask at all? There was no secret about his identity and no hope to be foreseen by anyone recognising him. On this point there is no document of any kind connected with the case that mentions a mask to be worn by the prisoner by Royal or any other command.

Of the host of other stories rumoured the documentation is equally non-existent. Andrew

Lang and Monseigneur Barnes put forward a "Eustache Dauger" claimed by Barnes to be the Abbe Preghnan, a natural son of our own King Charles II. Here again there is no tenable evidence.

Those who are concerned more with romance than with traceable facts have also put forward suggestions: that the prisoner was the son of the Duke de Beaufort, the Duke of Monmouth or Mattioli's own secretary Jean de Conzague — or that he was Louis Duc de Vermandois, natural son of Louis XIV by de la Valliere.

The only other good circumstantial story holds that the prisoner was General du Bulande who in 1691 raised the siege of Cuneo against orders. In connection with this Le Temps published in 1891 translations by Captain Bazeries of some cypher dispatches at the time which, at face value, gave the suggestion a probability. On the other hand researchers soon remembered that the Man in the Iron Mask — whoever he was — was imprisoned at Pignerol in 1696.

Intrigue

So — what can one believe? That there was some poor unfortunate devil locked away in French prisons of the period,



"A man clothed in black and masked by a visor of polished steel . . ."

whether he wore a mask or not, there is no doubt. The French Court of the time was a hotbed of intrigue, of jealousy, of hideous measures of vengeance.

I can add only one thing more — and that by sheer chance. The other evening, at my shelves, I was turning over half-forgotten books and opened "Gossip from Paris 1684-1689" which contains the dispatches of a journalist-attaché, Anthony North Peat, to the London Morning Star (later incorporated in The Daily News).

Under the date September 13, 1684, is the entry: "The mystery of the Man in the Iron Mask again occupies the attention of bibliophiles . . ."

It is understood that evidence has come to light indicating that Iron Mask induced the Governor of the Bastille to admit a lady who, for a very large sum settled upon her, consented to share his prison life. A son to Corneille in the charge of a person who was told that he was di buona parte — that he was well born. In this name, Rionaparte, the child grew up and, according to the account, became a forerunner of Napoleon I.

Again, none of the authorities I have consulted can point to any written evidence of this delightful idea. And so I can only leave it to you . . .

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Miss Ramsay is not a very good typist

BUT NOW SHE DOESN'T HAVE TO BE . . .

London. MISS LOUIE RAMSAY'S career suggests that the old adage might well read: "If at first you don't succeed, give it up." For Miss Ramsay's great opportunity came because she decided that she would never make good on the stage. She was in the chorus of "South Pacific" and when its long run ended at Drury Lane there was no work and no prospects.

During her hiatus of unemployment, which actors euphemistically call "resting," she did some small club intimate revues and then decided there were other ways of making a living. She took a shorthand-typing course and got a job as a film producer's secretary.

There she was found by Peter Myers, one of the authors of the hit revue "Intimacy at 8.30." He had seen her on the stage and was astonished to find her prosaically typing scripts.

Good idea

He was writing a revue for a night-club and urged her to take a part in it. Her employer, too, thought it would be a good idea. With hard-headed caution Miss Ramsay decided to venture back into cabaret but keep her job as a secretary as well.

Then a girl in the cast of "Twenty Minutes South" fell ill. It was a new musical being prepared by the Players' Club, with the hope that it would repeat the staggering success of their other musical, "The Boy Friend." Someone knew someone who knew Louie Ramsay, and she was asked if she would like to try for the role.

"I braced along for the audition, but I couldn't have cared less," said Miss Ramsay, which is about as disillusioned as any young actress can get. She sang "I'm in Love With a Wonderful Guy" which she should have known fairly well since she had had it drilled into her nightly for almost two years at Drury Lane during the run of "South Pacific."



LOUIE RAMSAY: If at first

SPOTLIGHT

on a new star of 1955

by MILTON SHULMAN

Incidentally, it was exactly the same song that she used for her audition to make the chorus of "South Pacific." "I ran out of breath during all those 'I'm in love' at the end but they took me anyway," she said.

Having got the part in "Twenty Minutes South," she now had to resign as a secretary. It was with considerable reluctance that she broke the news to her employer since he had been so patient about her leave of absence. He had been wanting to fire her for months because her typing was so bad. But he hadn't the nerve. His encouragement of her outside activities was in the hope that she would find herself another job.

"Twenty Minutes South," which opened at the Players' turned out to be one of those aggressively coy musicals that can best be described as twee. Like "Salad Days" it was supposed to be Britain's new answer to the American musical and made us sound as if we had laryngitis.

High spirits

But through the simmering suburban high spirits and vitality of Miss Ramsay managed to push their way through. Of her, I wrote at the time: "A girl with a future could be Miss Louie Ramsay, who not only looks fetching but punches out her numbers with an enthusiastic bounce."

Though her technique is still somewhat gauche and her voice

relies more on volume than melody, she delivers her songs as if they were left hooks. She pours herself right over the footlights and asks the audience to feel the muscles of her personality. It is such a relief from the listless anaemia that now seems to beset the occupational disease of most of our musical comedy stars.

But it was not until "Twenty Minutes South" transferred to the West End some two months later that anything much happened to Louie Ramsay. The play had not improved, but Miss Ramsay had. She had acquired a smooth assurance, and the easily ran off with most of the first-night notices.

A nurse?

Since then Miss Ramsay has been auditioned, interviewed and talked to by agents of film, recording and television companies. Both the Rank and the Gaumont groups want to give her film tests. There are negotiations for making records and appearing on television. "It's all wonderfully exciting," said Miss Ramsay, "but as yet nothing concrete has been decided. And that's really something."

Miss Ramsay lives with her parents in a flat on the grounds of the Royal Free Hospital in Hampstead. She owes her unique living quarters to the fact that her father is the hospital's consultant physician. The family came to England from South Africa when Louie

was only two. The odd spelling of her Christian name comes from a grandmother after whom she was named. "I suppose I should have become a nurse," said Louie, "but I was never noble enough."

After matriculation she entered RADA at the age of 17 and two years of dramatic training in no way dimmed her ambition to become a dancer.

There were, however, even fewer opportunities for a dancer than an actress. She did repertory at Nottingham for four months, an Arts Council tour playing small parts in "Macbeth" and "Hobson's Choice," and some sketches in a club revue.

Then she was told that singers were needed for "South Pacific." She had taken a few singing lessons but never thought she had much of a voice. She went along to the audition as a last end in spite of running out of breath at the end of "Wonderful Guy" she was taken on.

"I had heard Ethel Merman sing and decided that it wouldn't be too difficult to make that kind of a noise," she said. "I don't know what you'd call my voice — it's a contralto range — but I think 'loud' best describes it. The only technique I knew was belting it out."

Marriage

As third understudy to Mary Martin — she never went on, nor did the second understudy — she learned a great deal about delivery and diction. In the chorus she yelled louder than anyone else.

When "South Pacific" closed she lost confidence in herself. "After all I didn't think I had much to offer," she confessed. "I kept losing my voice, and my looks are a bit weird with these teeth that stick out." She finished a toothy but gay smile that belied her own description.

But since "Twenty Minutes South" she has been taking her prospects more seriously. She has begun to study other singing stars, and hunches over gramophone records listening to their breathing and phrasing. "I used to be very self-conscious on the stage, but now that's gone," she said. As if all these prospects weren't exciting enough, Louie Ramsay, at 28, is planning to get married. "It won't interfere with my career," she assured me, "because not only is he an actor but he is my greatest fan." But whatever else happens to her there is the thing she is sure of — she is never going back to typing.

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REALLY MONUMENTAL PROPAGANDA

By MAURICE MANNING

As everyone knows, presents are sometimes a doubtful blessing. For not only is one obliged to express gratitude — whether one feels it or not — but often it is difficult to hide an unwelcome gift for fear of offending the giver.

A recent gift, impossible to conceal, is the new Palace of Culture in Warsaw — the Stalin Palace of Culture and Science, to give it its full title. This immense building, presented to the Polish people by the Soviet Government, was formally handed over on July 21, 1955, as part of the compulsory "Liberation" anniversary celebrations held the following day.

It consists of a central skyscraper 800 feet high surrounded by a strange erection which looks like a minaret, and is surrounded by seven connecting wings at a lower level. The general effect — according to the French paper Le Monde — is of something made out of icing-sugar or lard.

Inside this pile of stone confectionery there are 2,800 rooms, including three theatres, two cinemas, a concert hall, libraries, a museum, a swimming pool, and a conference chamber capable of holding well over 3,000 people, with individual loudspeakers beside every seat and huge statues from the USSR lining the walls.

The exact cost of all this magnificence has never been revealed, but a correspondent of the West German newspaper, Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung, who recently returned from Poland, reports that experience has placed the figure in the region of 500 million zlotys.

On July 23, the paper drew an interesting parallel between this figure and the annual amount spent by the Polish Government on housing. Basing its calculations on estimated

Maurice Manning is a Fleet Street journalist who has observed and reported on Communism in action in many parts of the world. His varied assignments have enabled him to pursue his particular interest — the study of the impact of Communism on the ordinary man and woman.

housing expenditure in 1954, it stated that the "Cultural Palace" in the city of Warsaw has probably swallowed up more money than the yearly housing programme of the whole country.

As the Palace was a present to them, the Poles did not, of course, have to find this money, but many a Polish citizen, living in the miles of slums which still abound in Warsaw, must feel that such a large sum could have been spent more usefully.

Moreover, money apart, how, one wonders, do the inhabitants of Warsaw view this obtrusive gift, this "token of the everlasting, unbreakable friendship uniting our nations," as the Soviet Ambassador, M. Ponomarev, described it at the opening ceremony? Are they grateful and pleased, or do they resent it as a symbol of foreign power which has been thrust upon them?

One thing is certain: no one living in Warsaw can ignore the Palace of Culture. For not only is it situated in the very heart of the capital, in Constitution Square, but it dominates the city at every turn. Even in the most secluded corners and by-ways one's eye is held by its dazzling silhouette. There is no escape anywhere from what Le Monde justly termed "one of the most considerable monuments of our time."

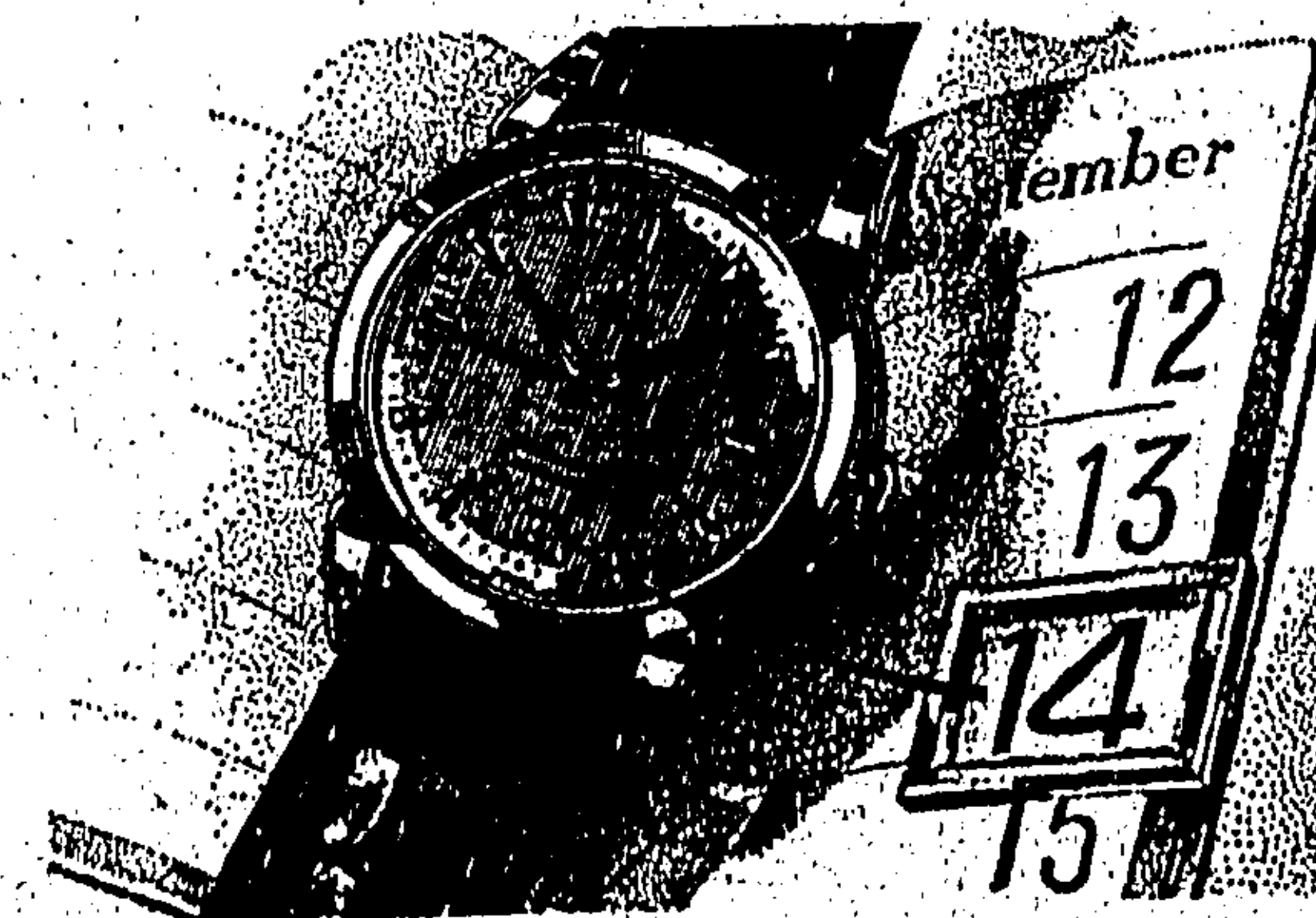
In making these gifts to the satellites, the Soviet Government clearly intends to leave a mark which history shall not erase. In Poland an almost super-human effort was called for, because of the deep-seated hatred of Russia felt by the Polish people — the legacy of 400 years of struggle and subjugation.

In Poland, more than anywhere else in Europe, the Russians have striven to apply Lenin's theory of "monumental propaganda," seeking to perpetuate their hold by a mass of stone which is at once a symbol of Soviet domination and a practical centre for Soviet-sponsored Communist activities.

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Société Suisse Pour l'Industrie Horlogère S.A. Grenchen, Switzerland.

OMEGA * MOON

Why does a WOMAN take to FENCING? It can't be because it's all-electric now...it can't be because that new tunic is so smart...

—And it isn't very good for the figure

I HAD one or two illusions about fencing before I went to see the girl who is the youngest member of this year's British international fencing team. Good for the figure, I thought, remembering dashing publicity shots of starlets appearing one another like cocktail canapes.

Must quicken the mind, sharpen the reflexes, give you that extra zip. And help you to really appreciate Errol Flynn in costume pictures.

Not a bit of it.

"It's done nothing for my figure," said plump 23-year-old Margaret Stafford, who is a secretary. "I might lose as much as 6 lb. in a week-end, but I put it straight back on."

"I don't really think it helps quicken the reflexes. Might help a little driving a car, I suppose."

AGONY....

"As for costume pictures, they're agony! The fencing is so bad. It's all fake, none of the movements are genuine."

What remains? I tried to solve the mystery of carrying on the vestiges of a once-

aggressive sport, at which now the helmeted, padded and protected combatants call out, "Sorry, dear, did I damage you?" If a lunge gets even faintly lethal.

I watched them, in their human attire, with long cables needed to a battery on the wall. The second a hit is made on the metal woven tunics the opponents wear, the battery gives off an irritated buzz.

ODD

This is the newly introduced system of fencing with electric foils which is now being used in emotionally to make judging infallible.

It may be progress but it certainly looks odd. With weirdly helmeted heads, twitching insect-like movements and now the cable with the buzz, a fencing fight looks more like a couple of crickets trying to get off restraining loushes.

Although it clearly requires a great deal of skill, fencing is a sport which needs in the first place a lot of patience, and an imperviousness to aching muscles.

Miss Stafford, who decided to take up fencing when she was a schoolgirl and the moment she left school joined a club, admits that the first two years of learning the basic movements (three

times a week) were "rather-boring."

"The stiffness I used to suffer from was terrible and even now if I go without fencing for a fortnight it is just as bad as beginning again. One uses completely different muscles."

Then there is expense, not forgetting an expensive appetite which needs two large meals a day at least and lots of aleaks.

Equipment costs about £10 but there are maintenance expenses such as broken foil blades at 10s. 6d. a time. Miss Stafford has broken five this year. And replacements of clothes. Miss Stafford suffered the music-hall calamity of spilling her fencing pants the evening I watched her.

PRIVATE

Although fencing need only cost a few shillings a year at LCC evening classes (equipment also provided) Miss Stafford attends a private club, the fee for which is £14 14s. a year.

And when she goes abroad to represent Britain, she meets most of the cost herself although "a certain amount" is provided. She has been to Holland, Belgium and France, so far this year.

So fencing at international level is not inexpensive.

by ANNE SHARPLEY



"So why, please, Miss Stafford, why do you do it?" She looked enthusiastic.

"Because it has everything. It is like chess, you are out-witting the other person all the time. And every year it gets more fascinating."

"You aren't considered 'old' at 50 in fencing. I am 23, which is practically middle-aged in other forms of sport, but in fencing they think I am terribly young. You can go up to 55 in world class."

"Then," she added, "it is rather nice to represent Britain."

Miss Stafford will be representing us next at the international championships in Rome on October 9.

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MARGARET STAFFORD
"Sorry, did I damage you?"
London Express Service.

BUT NOT ALL THE PRINCES ARE GENUINE

By L. G. PINE
(Editor of Burke's Peerage)

AROUND the marriage of Princess Virginia Furstenberg and Prince Alfonso of Hohenlohe-Langenbourg gathers all the romance and history of ancient European princely families.

The prince's ancestry is traced to 1170 in Germany, and his family names are derived from the chateau of Hohenlohe possessed by his ancestors in 1178, and from Langenbourg, a fief which they acquired in 1232. The Furstenberg line is traced even further, in Swabia, to 1070, and the heads of the family were princes of the Holy Roman Empire and Landgraves in Germany.

Everything in fact about the pedigrees of these great houses is documented and available, but it must be particularly irritating to such genuine princes to know that many bogus princes, princesses, and other title holders exist who cast an unpleasant reflection upon the genuine titles.

Modern titles

There is a Gresham's law in modern titles as there is in economics and it works the same way. Just as the bad money drives out the good, so the multitude of bogus titles casts a reflection upon the genuine ones, for how many people can know at once which is ancient and renowned, or merely the invention of a Genoese waiter who has emigrated to Paris?

There are some very good reasons why a multitude of self-conferred royalties should now be looked on the world. After the 1914-18 war, four great empires, Germany, Austria, Russia and Turkey, went to pieces. Many of the genuine princes were either killed or exiled, or reduced to abject poverty, and the central chancelleries which used to preserve their records have ceased to function.

In 1931 Spain discarded its monarchy; since 1939, Italy, Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia and Albania have followed suit.

A crown is in every country a fountain of honour. Remove monarch and there is no check upon the flow of titles. In addition there is no longer any published guide to foreign titles, royal or otherwise. The Almanach de Gotha was published from 1763 to 1944, but although it survived the Napoleonic wars and Hitler's domination of Europe, it was finished when the Russians "liberated" Gotha, in Silesia, and left the owner, Justus Perthes, the good fortune to escape with his life.

Consequently, there are hardly any barriers to prevent a European from assuming a title, even that of prince.

What is left

Even now there are still 23 independent royalties left.

In Europe 10: Belgium, Denmark, Greece, Liechtenstein, Luxembourg, Monaco, Netherlands, Norway, Sweden and the United Kingdom. In Asia there are 11: Afghanistan, Bhutan, Iraq, Japan, Jordan, Nepal, Persia, Saudi Arabia, Sikkim, Siam and Yemen. In Asia, Ethiopia and Libya (King Idris I of the latter filled up the place in the monarchical register vacated by ex-King Farouk of Egypt).

A member of one of these 23 royal families will be styled Prince or Princess (in Bhutan and Sikkim the style is Maharaja), and such cases are, of course, perfectly genuine.

Besides these, we have a number of quasi-independent royalties, such as the Sultan of Morocco, the Bey of Tunis, and the King of Cambodia; and some smaller independent rulers, like the Sultan of Bahrain, where the royal style is used. Then there is the position of the Aga Khan, whose full title is HH the Aga Sultan Sir Mohammad Shah, and whose rank and status have long been recognised by the British Government.

Islam prince

The Aga Khan's rulership is spiritual, and cuts across national boundaries. He is a Prince (hence the use of the title for his son Ali Khan) of a sect in Islam, which numbers several millions of people. The Aga Khan is entitled to a salute of 11 guns, which was the average in the case of the Indian Princes, formerly rulers of states under the British Crown, all of whom bore the title of His Highness. Again, the heir of the British-protected Sultan of Johore is Crown Prince Ismail.

There are difficulties enough in some of the cases outlined above, but they are as nothing to the pitfalls which occur once we deal with former royalist countries which have become republics.

The name of Prince Sapieha comes into the news from time to time. The family of Sapieha is of ancient Lithuanian origin and the Sapiehas became nobles of Poland when that country and Lithuania were united in the 16th century. The title of prince was recognised for the Sapiehas in Poland in 1767.

Novel case

A somewhat parallel case is that of Prince Henry de Faucigny Lucinge, a genealogical scholar whose family originated in Savoy, and was given the right to bear the title of Prince of Lucinge in 1828.

Yet not every prince is what he claims to be. An indication of this may be gleaned from the fact that in Italy under Mussolini all title-holders were forced to register, and on registration a huge number were found to be self-confessed.

The Italian Government recently issued a list of 60 Orders of Chivalry which were declared to be spurious, and a lively traffic in orders has gone on in the past, often led by "princes" in fact a fair proportion of the princes we hear about are bogus.

(CONTINUED)

SCARED?

By A DOCTOR

DOES the news of President Eisenhower's heart attack make you feel alarmed about your heart? Do you have a sneaking fear that your last attack of indigestion may have been heart trouble after all?

If you are scared, I say you should stop worrying. For despite what has happened to President Eisenhower, in the majority of cases suspected heart trouble is, in fact, indigestion and nothing more.

Only the other day a man came into my consulting room with a familiar story: "It's my heart, doctor—it's always been weak." He was an overweight, flabby business man whose work kept him indoors and whose leisure was also spent in good, solid comfort under a good solid roof.

NOTHING WRONG

He was reassured to learn that there was nothing at all wrong with his heart. He was only mildly upset to learn that the trouble was indigestion. This consisted of cutting the food intake by nearly one-half and taking a moderate amount of exercise.

He was game and he did it. Six months later he looked and felt fit, slept well, and enjoyed life. He had lost 30 lb. in weight and no longer knew or cared where his heart was.

Too many patients worry about their heart. It is about the toughest part of the body—it has to be.

It is a pump which contracts at least once a second for every minute of each hour, day and night, year in, year out, throughout the whole of life.

The great majority of people who think they suffer with their heart are really suffering from indigestion—due usually to over-eating or unsuitable eating—to chronic air-swallowing, being overweight, and taking insufficient exercise.

There is another large group of people who falsely believe

themselves to be suffering from "heart-trouble." These are the nervous, highly strung, worrying individuals.

What about real chronic organic heart disease?

Within the last 10 years the situation has been revolutionised. The bulk of this type of trouble is valvular disease following rheumatic fever. Here the surgeons, with great skill and greater courage, have devised operations for the relief



the paucity patient

of valvular disease which are both safe and efficient.

So we can take cheer. The overall position is good. Perhaps 70 percent of what is styled "heart disease" isn't heart disease at all.

HE WANTS TO BE CHEF AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

By NORMAN LINDHURST

Bad Kissingen. Rudolf Boij (pronounced "boy"), chef to royalty, would like Queen Elizabeth to know that he is still available for a position in Buckingham Palace.

At present Rudolf is head chef at the newly-opened £38,000 gambling casino here, but he is not content for, as an acquaintance of the Duke of Edinburgh and former chef to the last German Kaiser, he states quite frankly that he can never be happy cooking for commoners—no matter how wealthy.

"I wrote a letter to Queen Elizabeth and offered my services, since, for many years my cooking has been known to her husband."

It was during his tenure with Duke Ernst Ludwig that he came to know the tall, quiet 13-year-old Philip, destined to become Duke of Edinburgh.

Philip "was always a nice, quiet, well-mannered young man," Boij recalls.

He also recalls King Paul of Yugoslavia as a child, as well as Prince Bernhard and then Princess Juliana.

"They were all such fine people, but those days are gone for ever. There just aren't enough nobles and princes left to go-round any more."

One of Boij's fondest memories "of the good old days" was the wedding feast he super-

vised in 1938 for Prince Louis Ferdinand, grandson of the Kaiser, and his bride, Kyra, Grand Duchess of Russia. The banquet tables were laden with Boij's speciality—American-style buffet.

On another occasion, the 80th birthday of the Kaiser in 1940, Boij had a giant culinary job on his hands. The festivities went on for 10 days to permit the aged, former emperor to eat and rest and receive a horde of well-wishers, intermittently.

But the biggest single day's work, the 69-year-old Boij remembers, was overseeing a buffet at the Persian Embassy in Berlin, in 1935, attended by 350 guests.

Cherub-checked Boij learned his trade as a 17-year-old apprentice in the kitchen of the Duke of Mecklenburg.

When I lost him sitting in a comfortable, overstuffed chair, within hearing distance of the whirring roulette balls of the Bad Kissingen casino, he was gazing up at the 19th century oriental tapestries which cover the walls of the spacious gambling room, and at the myriad darling splitters of light from a large Venetian crystal chandelier.

"Such things," he murmured, "help an old man remember a little about castles and kings."

JOHNNY HAZARD



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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

The Longer Bodyline

For their autumn-winter collections German couturiers have decided on the long-bodied look with slight figure emphasis. In some instances this means a softly-moulded hipline with no accent on a slim waist.

By MAGDA MEYER

THE trend towards a greater elegance in German fashion, which was apparent in the summer mid-season couture collections, continues in the autumn-winter presentations.

While the youthful sweater line with its long torso and swinging pleated skirt is still important in many collections, it has a number of new characteristics. From these emerge the casaque or tunic line, which is best interpreted in suits and coats in shorter-than-long lengths.

Suits and jackets have a classic appearance as far as the waist, with collar, revers and narrow, set-in sleeves, but the busque extends to the thigh or even to knee-length, thus allowing for a variety of treatments. Often it stands away from the skirts or juts forward or sideways at the hem and is given additional emphasis by means of large pockets or mock pocket flaps.

Sometimes the busques of suit jackets are comparatively short in front, but dip to a low curve at the back. Six-eighths length coats are trimmed with deep bands of fur round the hem line, thus helping to make it stand away from the body. There are dresses, too, in the casaque style. These look as though they have two skirts one just showing beneath the other.

Big News

Coat dresses with either slim or full skirts are big news. They are somewhat reminiscent of last year's Princess line. Skirt fullness is swept to the back and gathered into low-placed half-belt, giving a regal air to the wearer.

Many day dresses feature busque, tuba or pockets at hip level while others have buckled bands placed just beneath the bust line in the Empire style. The waist line is clearly suggested in all these dresses although the bodice extends to the hip. The favourite fabrics for these are fine woollens, often with a melange effect.

The afternoon dress, which was ousted for a time by the smart cocktail frock, returns to favour once more. Its length back is due to the current trend for a more "lady-like" look in fashion. The new afternoon dresses are invariably slim and considerable use is made of bows and draped effects. Such dresses call for soft, fluid fabrics. Thus wool, georgette, tulle, crepe and wool jerseys predominate in this field.

Effective use is also made of wool jersey for intricately-

draped evening dresses in Greenish-style, which looks as though it will be a very popular one with German women this winter.

Coats are styled on the simplest lines and feature straight, set-in sleeves, classic collar and revers. Occasionally they are trimmed with fur or have patch pockets placed on the side seams for decorative effect. The simplicity of the designs enhances the fancy-patterned fabrics which the couturiers have used.

Casaque Style

The casual suit, styled on youthful lines, with a brief jacket shaped in to the waist and a straight skirt or with a straight, hip-length jacket and an all-round pleated skirt (which proved so successful last season) is re-appearing in many winter ranges.

As regards fabrics generally for the coming season, the popularity of tweed for daytime wear has not diminished. The most popular types are Shetland's, closely followed by multi-coloured boucle tweeds. Long-haired fleecy woollens and zibelines are most important for coats, while vigoureux flannel and closely-woven wools top the list of dress fabrics. Glen-checks are being given preference for tailored suits.

For individual autumn-winter collections of the main German designers can be summed up as follows:

Gehring & Glupp shows a wide variety of silhouettes with the casaque line given particular prominence. Great resourcefulness is shown in dealing with colour combinations and unusual fabric allures. For instance, a three-colour shepherd's checked wool is used for a jacket which illustrates the new casaque line. This is fitted and classic in style as far as the waist, with a black velvet collar, and is fastened with three large buttons. The peplum force out and extends to thigh-level.

Simple Look

The importance of two- and three-piece ensembles is very much stressed by Staeb-Seger, who also favours the casaque line. One ensemble consists of a dress and coat in black and white checked tweed. The bodice of the slim-fitting dress extends from high at the neck right down to the thighs and is perfectly plain except for a button tab at the neck and a pocket on either hip. (Incidentally, the simple, undecorated look is one of the main features about this new casaque line.) The skirt of this dress is very slim and buttons through to the hem. A matching six-eighths length coat worn over it

is loose-fitting and the large collar and revers, which extend to the waist, are trimmed with black Persian lamb.

Interesting woollens and luxurious fur trimming play a prominent role in this collection. The feeling for wool jersey is also strongly marked.

Horn-Modell's collection is made up of favourably wide, unbroken panels in all types of models, with little detail interest, thus allowing the fabrics to be the main attraction. Preference in this collection is given to multi-coloured wool flannels. Dress - waist is in beige knapped tweed, matching but heavier-weight coatings.

The casaque style is also much in evidence here. The lengths of jackets vary considerably. One suit has a double-breasted jacket of moderate length but with a busque which stands away from the hips at the sides giving it a strong resemblance to a riding jacket. A large flapped patch pocket on either side further stresses the stand-away effect.

Another fashion house which favours ensembles for the coming season is Horn-Modell, who specialise in sports-wear and travel-wear. Fabrics of different patterns and colours are used together to obtain interesting contrasts. Double-faced woollens—plain and fleecy on one side and plaid on the other—of particular significance in this respect.

Classic Silhouette

Although here there is some evidence of the casaque line, there are a number of models in the now familiar sweater line, with its semi-fitted top and full, pleated skirt. One dress in this collection is a seven-eighths length coat in fleecy wool with Persian lamb collar is in the new casaque line. A fitted suit in a Shetland tweed of the same colour as the coat accompanies it.

This fashion silhouette has not undergone such severe changes at Modellhaus Schwabe. Here most attention has been given to colour and fabric combinations. Long-haired fabrics are favoured for coats, while dry-handling materials are chosen for dress-and-jacket ensembles. Lavish use is made of rich fur trimmings.

Suits styled on classic lines are teamed with loose coats. A double-faced fabric with camel-coloured fleecy wool one side and blue plaid on the reverse is worn over a semi-fitted suit of blue tweed, which tones in with the plaid colouring.



TOP LEFT: A suit with the new tunic jacket. In violet-coloured wool, it has a large collar and deep busque of black Persian lamb, the latter emphasizing the stand-away line; by Gehring & Glupp.

TOP CENTRE: Travel ensemble consisting of a slim wool jersey dress and loose-fitting topcoat. The latter is made from double-faced material—sand-coloured plain fleece on the outside and blue-green check on the inside; by Horn Modell.

TOP RIGHT: A dress-and-jacket ensemble in black wool which combines two important fashion points. First the Empire line of the sheath dress achieved by the buckled band beneath the bust, then the tunic line of the jacket, emphasized by a large pocket of Persian lamb on either hip; by Staeb-Seger.

LOWER LEFT: A most interesting coat and dress ensemble in black and lilac tweed, based on the trumpet line. The coat fastens at the back and is designed on exactly the same lines as the dress beneath it, except that it ends where the pleats in the skirt of the dress fan out—just about knee level; by Schwichtenberg.

LOWER RIGHT: This elegant dress-and-jacket ensemble is in anthracite-coloured wool trimmed with grey Persian lamb. The busque of the jacket is quite short in front but dips in a low curve at the back; by Staeb-Seger.

Lauer-Behrendorf prefers the Empire and Princess silhouettes, any youthfulness of style is a special feature of this collection. All his models have a demure, ladylike air, which is largely achieved by using fluid fabrics. He includes many dress-and-jacket ensembles, the jackets often having elongated busques

trimmed with fur. One such model is in black wool rep. trimmed with a deep band of Persian lamb round the hem of the jacket.

Suits form the greater part of the collection of Heins Ostergaard. He has given the jackets of these varied treatment. Some

are double-breasted with long rows of buttons and stand-up collars, revealing Russian inspiration. Others have elongated busques. Among the fabrics used, confetti and other fancy tweeds—particularly in autumnal shades—predominate. Next in order of importance come heringbone and check patterns.

Smart Satin Ensemble



THIS two-piece ensemble consisting of a printed dress in yellow and green flowery pattern and a yellow coloured satin coat is from Carven. The dress has a new neckline and a fitting bodice full rather than at the hip-level.

Matriarchy In An Italian Town

Bagnara Calabra, Italy. WOMEN really are the bosses of the families in this picturesque seaside resort, snuggled between the mountains and the sea on the toe of the Italian peninsula.

For the town of nearly 9,000 inhabitants, matriarchy has been a way of living for years. The mother is recognised as the head of the family or tribe, and descent and kinship are traced through the mother instead of the father.

Centuries of predominance of the female and unemployment have discouraged local men from asserting what the world-wide majority of males believe to be their right.

The women are known for their dusky-eyed beauty and Marilyn Monroe figures. But they also are reportedly as aggressive as a Madagascar piranha. Smuggling is one of their more practised arts.

The women work at everything—they take care of jumbo, the lemon and orange crops, make charcoal, and fish for tunny, which abounds in the Tyrrhenian Sea.

The Bagnara women got themselves quite a reputation for smuggling salt from Sicily into Italy, across the Messina Straits. Salt sold in Italy brings a better price because of the salt monopoly. But to get it into Italy, the smuggler has to elude the efficient Italian frontier guards, and if caught, he (or she) loses the salt supply and may languish in jail for several years.

Yet the women of Bagnara dressed up in their most alluring finery—with plenty of frills—and hopped a crowded ferry. No one bothered them en route to Sicily; the trouble started when they got back to Italy with their cargoes of salt. Police on the alert couldn't search all the women, for they used to voyage back and forth in such large numbers. This of course was feminine strategy.

The small bags of salt usually were stowed under frilly bodices or in special pockets on the inner side of a flowing, ruffled skirt.

Regardless of the Allied bombings of Bagnara Calabra and Messina in World War II, the smuggling went on. The

women stopped only when all the ferry boats were sunk as a result of the bombings. The shortage of olive oil in northern Italy, however, gave the women a new opening for the smuggling business.

Despite the fact that the Italian railroad was a mass of wreckage, two days after the end of the war in April, 1945, a group of Bagnara women was seen at the Brenner Pass, selling olive oil to the local population.

Asked whether smuggling still goes on in Bagnara Calabra today, one of these Italian amazons with piercing black

eyes said, "Prove it." Then with a walk as stately as that of a Miss Universe contestant, she went off on a shopping expedition to Messina.

Bagnara's matriarchy grew out of the days when husbands were away on long fishing excursions and the women had to take over.

How long the matriarchy will last no one can guess. Since the war Bagnara has become a fashionable resort and men now find more work. And a bridge being built across the Messina Straits will bring more of the modern life to the town.

Already, visitors notice, the women are learning about nail polish, television and beauty contests.—United Press.

NOW GENTLEMEN PREFER BRUNETTES

PARIS. A 17-year-old dancer is suddenly the most talked-about model in Paris. Hundreds of women are imitating her colouring and her gliding, dancer's walk.

Dany Bassenave, mannequin-vedette, is the reason for only old-fashioned gentlemen preferring blondes in Paris today. Hardly anyone else does.

Since Christmas, when hair-dresser Guilmont chose her to wear his new jewel-headed, diamond-encrusted, for brunettes rather than blondes—and just the best blond, pale, olive-tinted skin and

sliding brown eyes have set up a new interest in brunettes. Her first appearance in the Lelvin-Castillo salons sent blondes and off-blonde to their hairdressers for rinses and applications that would turn them into exotic-looking beauties with blue-black hair like Dany's.

Now make-up was created to set off the new brunettes. Dany wears very little make-up. Nor do they. Like her they wear bright raspberry-pink lipstick, have given up mascara and eye-shadow and are using instead a soft dark-grey or charcoal pencil to outline their eyes.

Dismissing the gales and parties which, by tradition, all the top Paris models must always attend, she lives quietly with her mother in Montmartre and practices her ballet steps in between fittings. Her favourite exercise, which she declares, helps to keep her 18-inch waist supple, is to walk with head erect, shoulders squared back and bust thrown out just as she does when she is showing clothes.

Since the collections began, Dany has worked something like 14 hours a day, which includes fitting and posing for photographs, as well as presenting the collection and has averaged about 120,000 francs a month in salary and extra fees (about \$180).

—BITTY WILSON

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MR and Mrs Thomas Lotham smile for the camera after their wedding at the Union Church, Kennedy Road. Both bride and groom are from Scotland. She was before her marriage Miss Agnes Watson Lobban. (Staff Photographer)



LT-COL Stewart Carter, Commanding Officer of the Hongkong Regiment, is leaving the Colony later this month to take up another appointment. The Regiment's Motor Transport Platoon entertained him to dinner at the Cafe de Chine the other night, and he is seen above examining their farewell gift. Right: Col Carter and Lt A. P. Pereira, OC Platoon, drink a toast. (Staff Photographer)



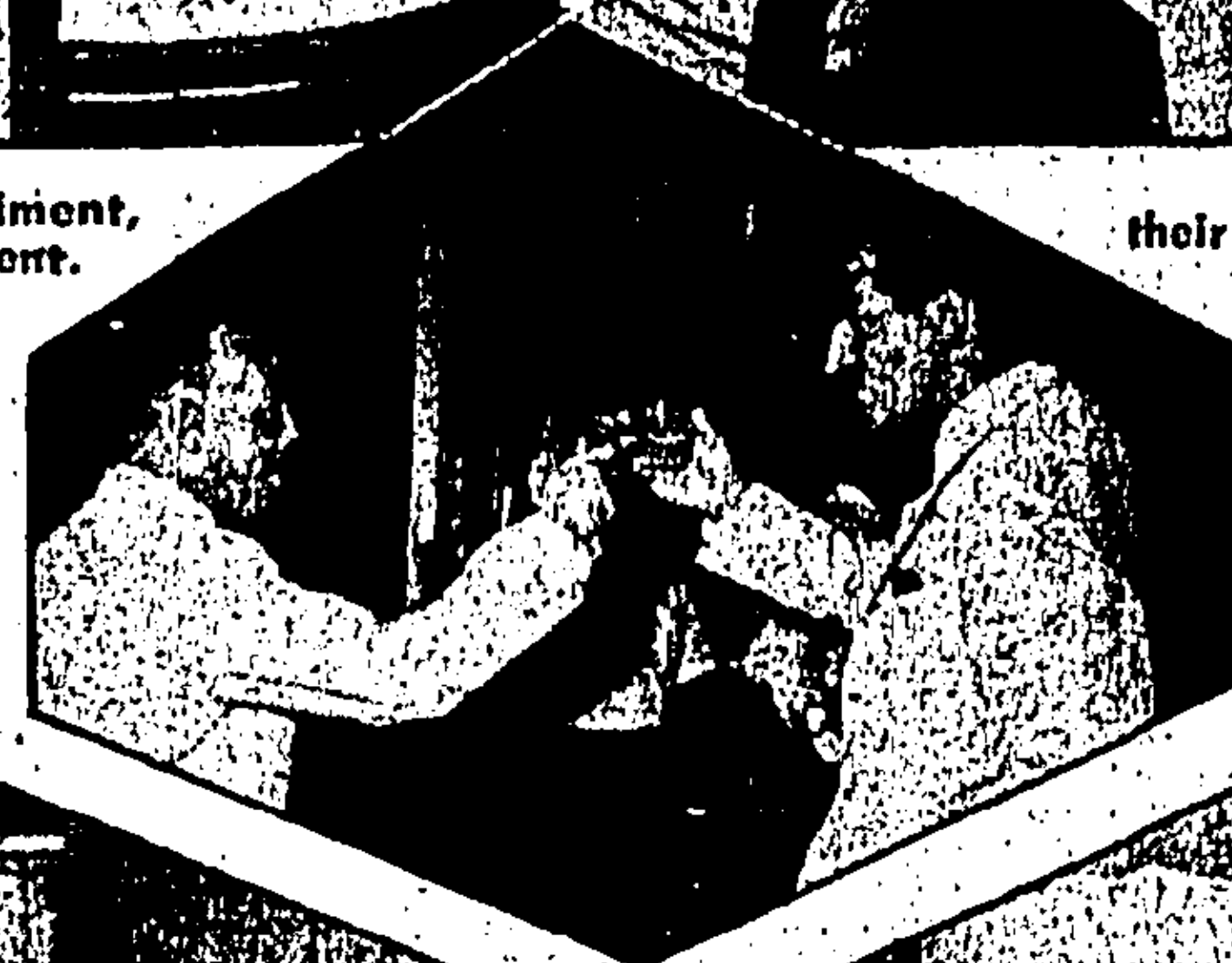
MR Louis Allaye Chan and his bride, the former Miss Clara Wong, as they looked after their wedding at St Margaret's Church. The Very Rev. Fr. A. Riganti officiated. (Staff Photographer)



WHEN the ladies' hockey season opened last week-end, King George V School "A" team, last season's runners-up, toppled the champions, Dorians "A". The KGV girls scored six goals against Dorians' three. Above: The two teams, with KGV on top. (Staff Photographer)



YOUNG man trying his luck at hoop-la. A scene at the 12th Kowloon (Christ Church) Scout Troop's fete last Saturday. It was organised to raise funds for camp and training equipment. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Major J. C. M. Gronham, Col J. D. Clague and Major A. N. Braude share reminiscences at the annual reunion of the Hongkong (Argyle Street) Prisoners-of-War Association. Twenty-one members attended the function at the Volunteer Centre Officers' Mess. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Players who took part in the annual lawn bowls match between old boys of St Joseph's College and Queen's College at the Indian Recreation Club last Sunday. The Saints won. (Staff Photographer)



THE Kowloon YMCA Nursing Division last Sunday won the David Cheung Cup for the third year in succession. Presenting the cup in lower picture is Mrs David Cheung. The Commissioner, St John Ambulance Brigade, Mr Fung Ping-fan, is on the right. (Staff Photographer)

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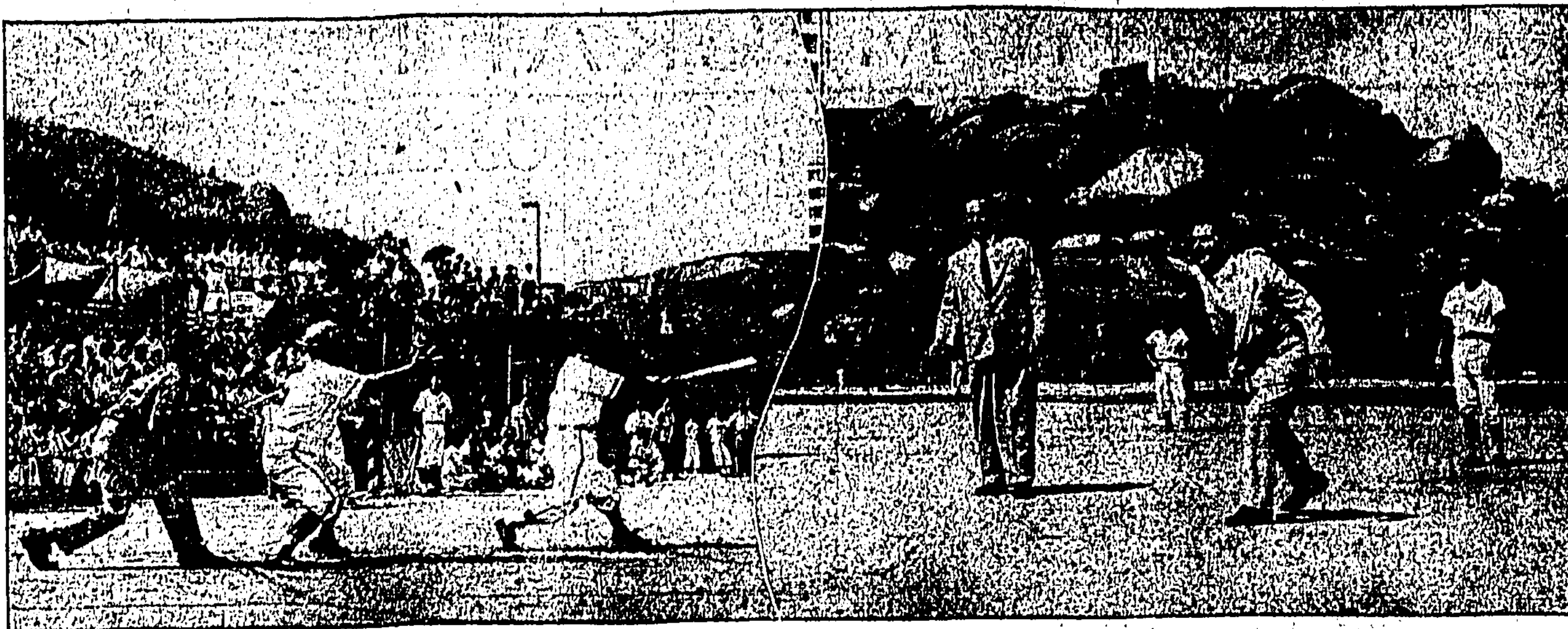
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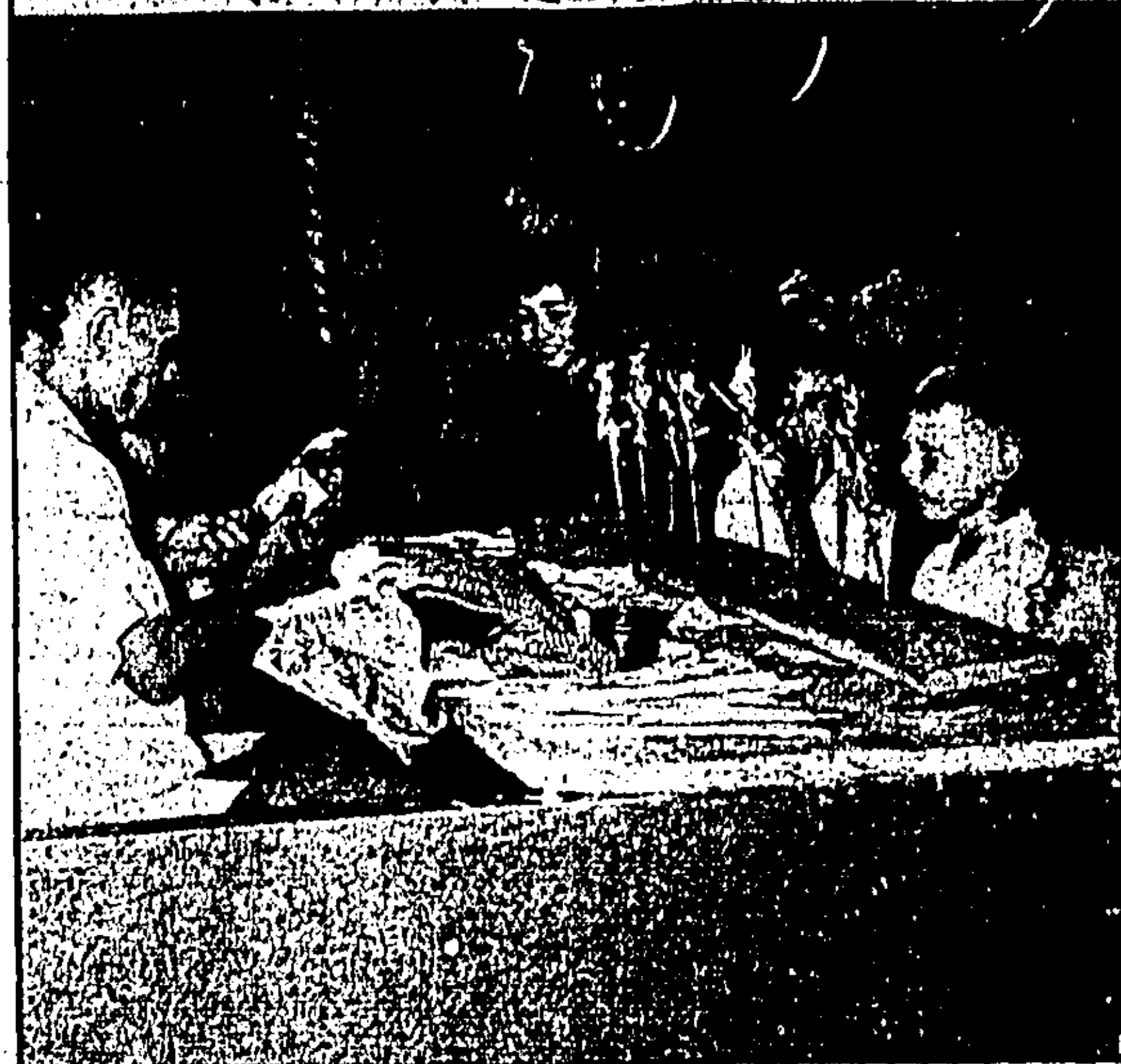
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PLAY BALL! The familiar cry of the diamond was heard again last Sunday when the 1955-1956 softball season officially opened. The first ball was pitched by Mr W. A. Whiting (right) before a large crowd of fans. Left: A South China player hits out in a stanza with the Saints. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Mr Elmer Krauger, leader of the seven-member delegation of the National Sales Executives International of New York, speaking to reporters on their arrival at Kai Tak. Below: Mr Krauger with Mrs S. N. Chau at the banquet in honour of the visitors given by the Hongkong General and Chinese Chambers of Commerce. (Staff Photographer)



ONLY two of the many attractions at St John's Cathedral's Michaelmas Fair. Top: A young customer at the Goldfish Stall takes aim. Bottom: The Chinese doll-maker, whose display attracted much interest. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Mr N. Raghavan, until recently Indian Ambassador to Peking, arrived from China on Thursday with Mrs Raghavan on their way back to India. He is to become Ambassador to Argentina. They are seen with Mr B. P. Adarkar (extreme right), Indian Commissioner in Hongkong. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Kui Mo Baa (The Little Giant), the Shetland pony which Col. J. D. Clague has presented to the Hongkong Regiment to be the Regimental Mascot, seen with RSM W. Matthews (left) and CSM J. Walker. The mascot paraded for the first time at the Beating the Retreat yesterday. (Staff Photographer)



JACKIE, daughter of Mr and Mrs Lawrence Loong, photographed with her parents at her eighth birthday party last Sunday. (Ming Yuen)



BELOW: Senator Estes Kefauver of Tennessee arrived in Hongkong on Thursday in the course of a world tour. He is seen chatting with Mr Robert Clarke (left), of the United States Information Service, at Kai Tak. (Staff Photographer)



FAMILY reunion at Kai Tak. The Earl and Countess of Dalkeith with the parents of the Countess, Mr John McNeill, QC, and Mrs McNeill. Before continuing on their round-world trip, the Earl and Countess (formerly Miss Jane McNeill) will spend a three-week holiday here. (Staff Photographer)



A happy group taken at the Tramps' Ball held last Saturday evening at the Gun Club Hill Sergeants' Mess. (Mayfair)



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MACKINTOSH'S

HUGH DUNDAS who found the Argentine rebels successful, jubilant and proud at their headquarters, now reports the fears that face them in their capital.

LIKE SLEEPING IN A HAUNTED ROOM

THE revolution in the Argentine may be over and done with. The Peronists may be finished. Liberal-minded General Eduardo Lonardi may be firmly in power.

I should know, because I am sitting here in the heart of Buenos Aires. But I do not know for sure, because if ever I had a prickly feeling in my back it is in newly-liberated Buenos Aires.

People, who behaved as though they were drunk with joy and relief, when Lonardi flew in to take over as President, are now looking over their shoulders.

Either they cannot believe that Peron is finally finished and that they may say what they wish, or they genuinely fear that the man, whose presence and portrait and strong men have overshadowed their lives for so long, still may return to take vengeance against them.

Wherever I go—to embassies, to government centres, to hotels, bars, and to restaurants, or even to seamen's joints down on the waterfront—I hear the same thing: "Have you heard of the uprising here... or there... have you heard, have you heard, have you heard?"

When I first got into the Argentine after an alarming and highly irregular flight through the ice-bound gorges of the Andes, the revolution was still in full swing.

SINCERITY

I landed at Mendoza Airport, which was the headquarters of the victorious and jubilant rebels in the western part of the country.

I was strongly impressed by the fervour and sincerity of all the men I met. There is no doubt they had acted and were acting from the highest motives as patriots and Christians who had no selfish ambitions.

When I got to Cordoba, the very heart of the revolution, I found the feeling of sincerity even stronger. There was elation and pride among those ragged, tired, bearded men—soldiers and civilians alike—who had started this affair and whose success in holding out against Peron's loyalist troops had tipped the scales all over the country.

Unlike the navy which could sail away, unlike the vast majority of other troops and police who wavered, unlike civilians everywhere, they had faced victory or death.

They had won, and very simply they attributed their victory to God. All they wanted was to go home and leave someone else to govern the country they had liberated.

IMPRESSIVE

The quiet, earnest Lonardi, who had been sticking his neck out organising this revolution for years, seemed then, as I first met him surrounded by the shaggy, tired-eyed officers who had led the fight, the perfect symbol of revolt.

He did not rant, he did not call for vengeance against anyone. He was calm and completely impressive.

And when next morning I met the leaders of the former underground movement who had come to Cordoba to take part in the fighting, I got the same impression. They were gathered in the ancient pink and

Buenos Aires, white police headquarters, which they had captured at a heavy price in lives of colleagues during the course of a long, bloody, and primitive battle without the help of any regular troops.

They hold me how they had been planning the uprising for many months in conjunction with Service leaders.

They explained how it had been decided that the heart of the movement must be in the provinces since Buenos Aires was too strongly defended by Peronists, particularly the blood-thirsty and brutal Alianza stormtroopers, whose motto was "Peron or death" and whose methods were quite as ruthless as anything Hitler's bullyboys practised.

After spending those days and meeting those people in the rebel area, I felt happily convinced all was well in the Argentine.

SHAKEN

After being flown to Buenos Aires in a plane provided by Lonardi himself, I was shaken on arrival to meet bullying troops with Tommy-guns preventing me from phoning, and insisting that I walk half a mile from the airfield before trying to find transport.

But I was completely reassured by the tumultuous joy evident in Buenos Aires when Lonardi was sworn in.

In the glorious mid-day sunshine the city of Buenos Aires seemed like a heaven of happiness. Certainly in no liberated city during the last war did I see such unconfined rejoicing.

But just a few hours later as the sun dropped, so shadows fell. In the streets gaily was then people stayed in groups, glancing uneasily this way and that.

Where in the morning there had been spontaneous laughter at anti-Peronist jokes chalked up on walls and windows, people only stood and stared, moved on without comment.

By ten o'clock the streets which earlier had looked like Piccadilly on VE night were almost deserted.

Restaurants and bars were closed. There were plenty of troops and armed police about and a few tanks on street corners.

So it went on. Rejoicing with the lid on. Processions shouted "Libertad" but were ready to run for it.

This has been a lower-middle and middle-class revolt. It has been the revolt of the shopkeeper, the small business man, professional classes who could not stand any longer being pushed around, trampled down, denied freedom and justice, religion and dignity.

Brave spirits among them finally rose up in the name of God and the country, in that order.

WATCHING

They did so knowing there was little time left, for they knew that next month Peron was planning to scrap the army and create in its place a huge force of armed workers recruited from the more brutal elements of the General Confederation of Labour.

But now the people think of the hundreds of thousands of "shirtless ones" whose idol was Evita Peron and whose lord and master, Juan Peron, had trained them to revel in the business of reviling all in their way.

It is those hundreds of thousands and their fanatical leaders who now from their vast industrial suburb of Avellaneda send a ray of fear to douse the spirit of rejoicing in Buenos Aires.

On the face of it there is every reason to be certain Peron is finished and that the Lonardi Government has complete power to rule.

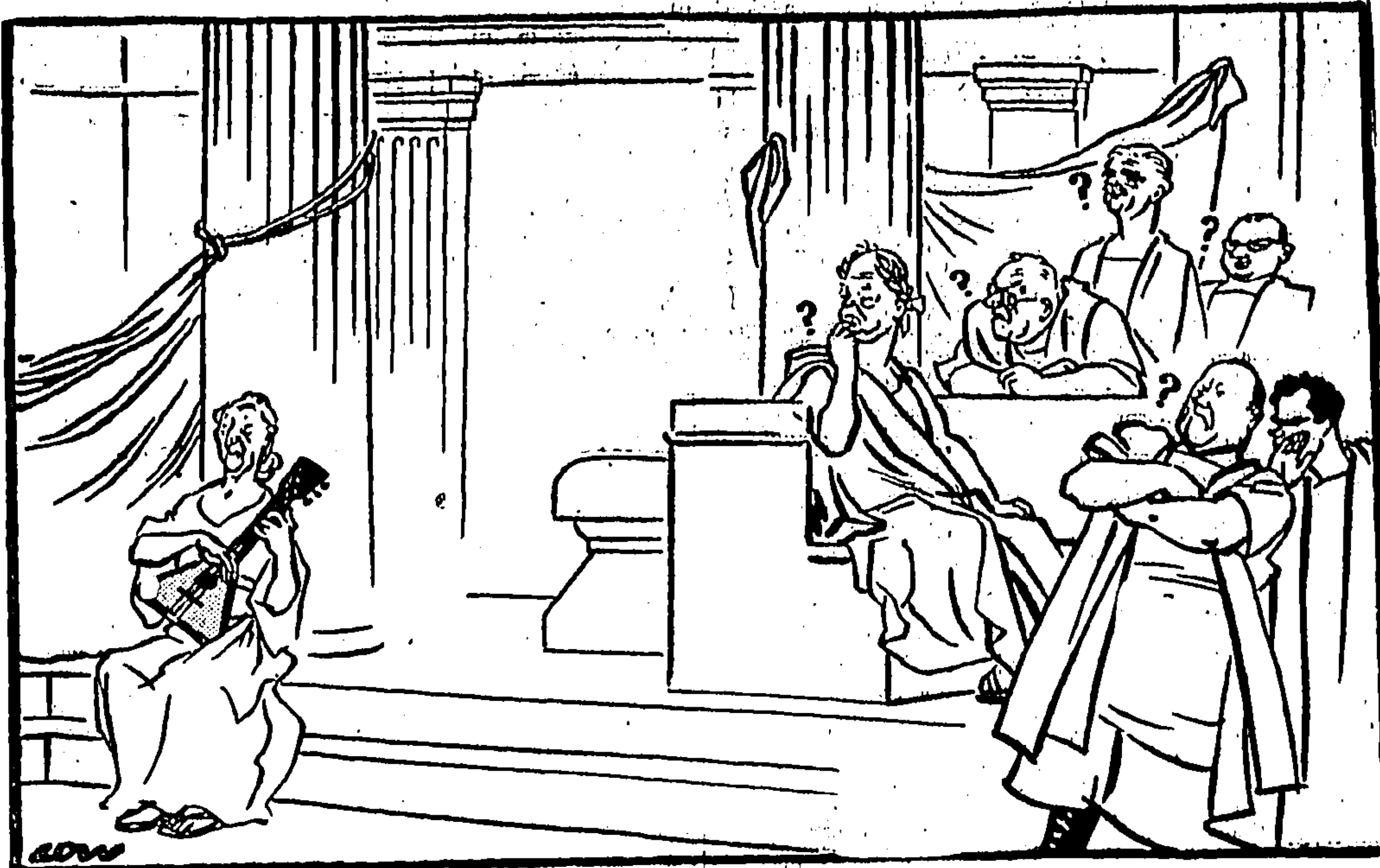
The composition of the new Cabinet seems to confirm Lonardi's determination not to replace the Peron regime with a military government.

Apart from Service Ministers and the post of Vice-President, which goes to Admiral Rojas as recognition for his outstanding role in the revolt, top jobs have gone to civilians, and they are all without strong political affiliations.

Newspapers have brought out big editions in contrast with the flimsy issues of Peronist days. Consecrated papers such as La Prensa are expected to be returned to their owners.

But have you ever gone to sleep in a haunted room and tried telling yourself there is every reason to suppose the ghost won't appear?

Whatever your reason, may tell you, however bright the lights, you watch every corner. And that is what the citizens of Buenos Aires are doing. They are watching the corner.



CAESAR'S WIFE

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A Vice-President In The News

NIXON'S RATING STANDS HIGH

By JOHN McKENNA

THERE are many Americans who still believe that but for a spaniel pup called Checkers, Richard Milhous Nixon would not be pulling down some \$40,000 annually as Vice-President of the United States of America.

Back in 1952, during the Presidential election campaign, Nixon was on the spot. At a moment when the Republican Party was accusing its Democratic opponents of corruption and graft, it was disclosed that Nixon, the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency, was the beneficiary of a private political fund.

Political pundits were forecasting that, not only would Nixon's chances be completely smashed, but that he had probably also cost Eisenhower the election.

Then, when things looked blackest, Nixon, with a gesture which could have been made only in the United States, completely turned the tables. In front of the TV cameras he laid bare the intimate financial details of his family, quoted the findings of independent auditors to the effect that not a penny of the fund had gone into his pocket, and generally told a story of incorruptible poverty.

But what clinched his vindication was the emotional punch-line. He had received, confessed, one present from supporters which he refused to surrender no matter what anyone said. It was a spaniel pup called Checkers which had won the hearts of his two little daughters, Julia and Trishia.

In The Clear

That did it, Nixon—and the Republicans—were in the clear. The ability to exploit situations like this, his unshamed appeal to emotionalism, won for Nixon from his enemies the nickname "Tricky Dickie."

At the same time, the Democrats learned that Richard Milhous Nixon, the young lawyer from California, was a man to be watched and feared.

He never had been popular with them. They viewed with suspicion his rapid rise from obscurity on the strength of his anti-Communist work as a member of the Un-American Activities Committee.

His enemies accused him of being "Joe McCarthy in a clean collar," ready to holler "Red" any time he thought it might win him a few votes.

Still he got himself elected to Congress as the member from his native state of California. Nixon's career could have doubled for any magazine plug for the American way of life.

He had come up the hard way, and for a youngster, was making a real go of it. From working in a village grocery store, he had worked his way through college and law school, and when war broke out he lost no time in enlisting.

His profitable and growing law practice to serve with the Navy for four years in the South Pacific. Nixon really started to go up when he was elected to the House of Representatives in 1946. His rise was rapid. During the Congressional

Unlike his predecessors in office, Vice-President Richard Nixon of the United States has never been far from the limelight. Yet, never has the world spotlight picked him out as it has now. With President Eisenhower in a sickbed, Nixon has had to shoulder the burden of the world's most responsible job. He is even being tipped as Eisenhower's successor in office.

State Department official had been accused by ex-Communist Whitaker Chambers of having passed American Government secrets to Soviet Russia. His scolded at the accusations, and the majority of the House of Representatives Committee, before whom he was appearing, were anxious to call off the whole thing. All except Nixon, that is.

He Differed

In best Nixonian style, the man who was to become Vice-President confronted Hiss with Chambers in a New York hotel bedroom. From then on Hiss's goose was cooked.

Still vowing that America's policy must be to smite Communism, Nixon found himself, in 1950, the youngest Senator in the U.S.A.

But although Nixon showed all the hallmarks of the old-type American politician, he differed from them and still does—in an important way. He showed himself as a rank opponent of isolationism and a champion of foreign aid.

All the while he maintained his attitude of open hostility towards Communism. Yet, he contrived to do so without acquiring Joe McCarthy's rough diamond reputation. Despite his lack of years and for all his humble beginnings, he made himself completely at home in Washington's social whirl.

With his pretty wife Pat, a former shorthand teacher, he found himself seen where a rising young politician ought to be seen—always affable, courteously determined, the picture of a young American on the way up.

All Changed

But even ambitious Richard Nixon was shaken out of his smiling composure when on the afternoon of July 11, 1952, he received a telephone call from General Eisenhower and knew he was on the way to being No. 2 man in the U.S.A.

With the aid of Checkers's too spaniel, as he called the upstart, over his political fund, and with one exception became the youngest Vice-President in the history of the United States. (John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky was elected Vice-President at the age of 30 in 1857.)

Until Nixon's term, the office of Vice-President had always been regarded as something like a sinecure. But with President Eisenhower's almost paternal approval, Nixon changed all that.

He has been called the "most important" man in the world, a "lieutenant" who wanted to take some of the weight off his boss's shoulders. Cynics say it differently. During the Congressional

dropped its Communist policy, and invited a 12-year-old Persian boy to the U.S.A. for three months as a reward for helping police break up a Communist demonstration against him during a world tour.

Yet he could still turn on the McCarthyites and accuse them of unfair tactics.

This, said those who favoured Nixon, was a sign that their man was maturing.

On the contrary, said Nixon's opponents, this was Dickie being Tricky, and playing one jump ahead of the wave of anti-McCarthy indignation.

Firm Roots

Nevertheless, there are far fewer people in the U.S.A. referring to the Vice-President as Tricky Dickie nowadays.

Whether Nixon's moderation is a rapidly acquired veneer or the manifestation of a heartfelt change, the fact remains that his rating stands high with the American public, is firmly rooted and is growing.

And already some pundits are saying that Checkers the spaniel may soon have the run of White House lawns as did Franklin Roosevelt's Scottie Falls. (Copyright)

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POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER

PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT
PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

FIGURE The cloth-capped figure who conveys a variety of theatre audiences with laughter when he plops onstage with (or without) his tools is no longer the plumber.

Right now the figure of fun is Britain's building worker. He draws his pay (at least, on stage) for not appearing on the building site; for collecting his cup of tea; for laying a brick a day.

But the merriment at the men carrying out the nation's re-

construction and building programme has been too much for Mr L.J. Holloway, president of the London Master Builders' Association.

Addressing a luncheon party at Mitcham, Surrey, he burst out against "this nonsense" which evokes such mirth from gallery and stalls.

The building trade was subjected to "constant, nagging and often ludicrous criticism," he asserted. "All the time we are faced with this ridiculous and unfair criticism. We have to work in the open. Our jobs are there for the inspection of the world. Everyone sees us. So if a single man on a single job is seen drinking a cup of tea, the whole building industry is damned for incompetence."

"All the time we are at work 'Big Brother'—or is it 'Little Sister'—is watching. So the inefficiency story gains currency. Somebody tells somebody else who writes to the paper. The music hall takes up the story."

GOOD FEEDING: Britons are eating more than ever before. That means the whole nation, not merely moneyed individuals.

Average daily diet in Britain is 2,120 calories compared with 3,000 five years ago, 2,880 in 1947, and 3,000 prewar, according to the latest figures.

This increased fare has not been achieved by putting more dull, starchy food on the table. Becoming very choosy, the people are consuming more meat, eggs, butter, sugar and tea.

Main factor worrying the doctors is that people may not be eating enough bread. Unless they are off-setting a lack of bread by drinking milk, they will not be getting sufficient calcium.

TREASURE MYSTERY Indians living in Tokyo are demanding an answer to the 10-year-old mystery of the £300,000 treasure of the Indian Quilting, Subbas Chandra Bose, who died in an air crash while fleeing from Singapore three days after World War II ended.

The fortune vanished when Bose—Japanese puppet who set up a Provisional Government of Free India in 1943—was killed in Formosa.

Now, new investigations suggest that another Indian Nationalist made off with the £300,000 in gold, jewels, and other valuables given by Indians in the Far East.

Statements by three former Japanese army officers, breaking a self-imposed 10-year

silence, have brought a new turn to the mystery.

One of them, former Major Tetsuo Takakura, said he was the man who had charge of the treasure. He was taking it to Japan for disposition. Takakura claimed he delivered Bose's ashes and the £300,000 to an official of the India Independence movement in Tokyo.

This official was repeatedly warned against revealing its existence for fear of Allied reprisals. Soon afterwards the official vanished.

NO MEAL After generations of solicitude for unfaithful wives, British husbands are digging in their toes. In divorce cases they are refusing to accept guilt as a matter of course, merely because it is the "gentlemanly" gesture to a woman.

Furthermore, the result of this attitude indicates that wives nowadays are almost as unfaithful as husbands.

The forthcoming quarter's divorce suits in London reveal that nearly as many men as women are accusing their partners of breaking the marriage. Yet only a score of years ago there were three times more women than men.

The reasons for this change?

Divorce court lawyers point out that husbands, faced with the present high cost of living, cannot readily sacrifice one-third of their incomes, for ever perhaps, as a worthy act. Their private incomes, which in past decades made this easy, have now shrunk.

Husbands feel also that women now have good chances of working to support themselves. Primarily, however, the Little Woman, if she seeks mother, should not continue regarding her ex-husband as a permanent meal ticket.

RED'S THE COLOUR The colour now-

adays has to be something in between. Something that ranges either side of red.

British women, explained a leading hairdresser last week, are now demanding colour on their heads, and more and more are visiting their hairdressers to get it.

Even the nicest women no longer think it's a bit shocking to dye their hair. They just feel a change now and again does them as much good as a holiday.

BURGESS expounds
in the Athenaeum

THE WHISPERING GALLERY. By John Lehmann. Longmans. 21s. 342 pages.

SAYS Lehmann casually on page 304 of this autobiography, "I encountered Guy Burgess one evening in the Athenaeum, and with characteristic boisterousness he exclaimed: 'The trouble about Wistan (Auden), Christopher (Isherwood) and Stephen (Spender) is that they haven't the foggiest notion what politicians are really like!'"

Nor, as it turns out, had the politicians the foggiest notion what Guy Burgess was really like.

Burgess was only one member—an extreme and eccentric member—of the generation which Lehmann has observed during a life whose main stages were a spacious, happy, Thames-side home, well-staffed; Elton, with graceful friends, witty friends, clever friends; Quentin Hogg (who has become Lord Hailsham)—"some explosive force in him that was never completely under control and in conflict with a naturally warm and easily wounded heart."

Eton tension

In one of the few anecdotes that occur in his book, Lehmann speaks of the tensions generated at Eton by the exclusion of females. When the headmaster, Cyril Alington, took as the text of his sermon in chapel Oscar Wilde's story of the Happy Prince, "securely any boy dared to look at the opposite pews except in a glazed, rigid way; blushes mounted involuntarily to innumerable cheeks. No one knew what was coming next and everyone was thinking exactly the same thing."

After Eton came Cambridge, and doubts about a career. His sister Rosamond wrote to him, "I don't want you to go into the Diplomatic. I can't bear you to go on being inwardly torn."

Vain hope! John belonged to an anguished generation. He sought release in the company of the young poets of the day:



John Lehmann

Here was an eccentric in an anguished generation; with Auden, Isherwood, Spender he was observed by John Lehmann; and is perhaps the one among them all who know where he was going . . .

BOOKS

by
GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

(1) Stephen Spender, "with a huge head of curls, loped beside me in the mid winter landscape" and spoke of (2) Auden and (3) Isherwood, who had settled in Berlin in stark poverty. Then there was (4) David Gascoyne, "the introspective suffering of a highly strung sensibility" in his expression. One day, in a flat in Paris where David was vainly trying to give precision to his subtle metaphysical meanings, Iherwood rushed in, waving axes and making the floors shake under their ponderous boots.

"We all rushed about looking for the fire, except David, who remained quivering and silent on the sofa in the midst of this vortex of purposeless activity."

Pilgrimage

Assured by Spender that Germany had escaped the mortal sickness and guilt of Western civilisation, Lehmann went to Salzburg, where the sight of the beautiful Tyrolean young men and girls kept his eyes from the copy of Baudelaire open in his hand. He was in Berlin in time to hear a friend's remark in bar one night, "The Reichstag is on fire!"

After that, there was nothing for it but to make the pilgrimage to Moscow.

Almost before he was aware of it, Lehmann had been swept into the revolutionary currents that raced across Europe. He was one of the generation of well-heeled aesthetes who developed the guilt of the rentier classings (his term) and political longings. Some turned to Marx

and the myth of the proletarian saviour; some went to the Spanish war; some wrote bitter propagandist poetry.

Christopher Isherwood wrote (from America, where he had gone on the "quota" of immigrants)—"I myself am in the most Goddamned mess. I have discovered, what I didn't realise before, or what I wasn't till now, that I am a pacifist."

It was May 1938, Christopher had left self-discovery rather late. Lehmann, with some difficulty, got himself a job as the secret Vienna correspondent of a Communist-controlled movement, against war and Fascism. It did wonders for his rentier guilt.

His autobiography suffers from the usual defect of docu-

ments of its kind—it is perpetually in danger of turning into a History of Our Times: public declaration instead of personal confession. It is short of individuality; shorter of humour.

But it can be taken as a useful case-history of Lehmann's generation; the heroes who were trying to have their moral cake and eat it, swooning over Mozart in Salzburg and starving with the unemployed in Vienna. None of them, except perhaps Guy, with his characteristic boisterousness, has the foggiest notion where they were going. But few were wise enough to remain, like David, "quivering and silent on the sofa" in the midst of the vortex.

It isn't like The Caine

MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR.
By Herman Wouk. Capa. 16s. 638 pages.

WOUK, at 40 years of age, is in a spot. As Humphrey Bogart's novelist, he sold 3,000,000 copies of "The Caine Mutiny." Now 3,000,000 critics are waiting to declare indignantly of his new novel, "This is nothing like The Caine."

They may spare their anguish. Marjorie Morningstar is nothing like The Caine. It is, however, a lot like countless earlier novels. It tells the story of a young middle-class Jewish girl in New York who falls in love

with the glamour of the stage and, more ardently, with one of the stage's more resounding gods, Noel Arman (previously Saul Bellow).

To conquer the footlights Marjorie changes the family name from Morgenstern to Morningstar; to win Noel, she yields her virtue. But what is technically lost can be morally recovered.

Last we see of Marjorie she is Mrs. Schwartz, a happy, poised, good-looking woman of 40 with a daughter of 14 named Deborah. You can bet that Marjorie keeps a close watch on Deborah.

It is long and for stretches, it is flat. But it has some well-constructed scenes and some characters lovingly and comically taken from the life. Wouk is writing about scenes he knows.

60-SECOND BOOK

★ EVERY review, with one exception that I have ever put on at the Folies Bergère has 13 letters in its title. The first year I did not do it intentionally; but the only real " flop " of my career at the Folies occurred when I broke away from this involuntary custom.

★ SINCE then I have wisely remained faithful to my 13-letter title. I even make a point of having the word "Folies" in it.

★ IT is not always easy, but a regular patron has sent me a handy list of 150 titles fulfilling these requirements.

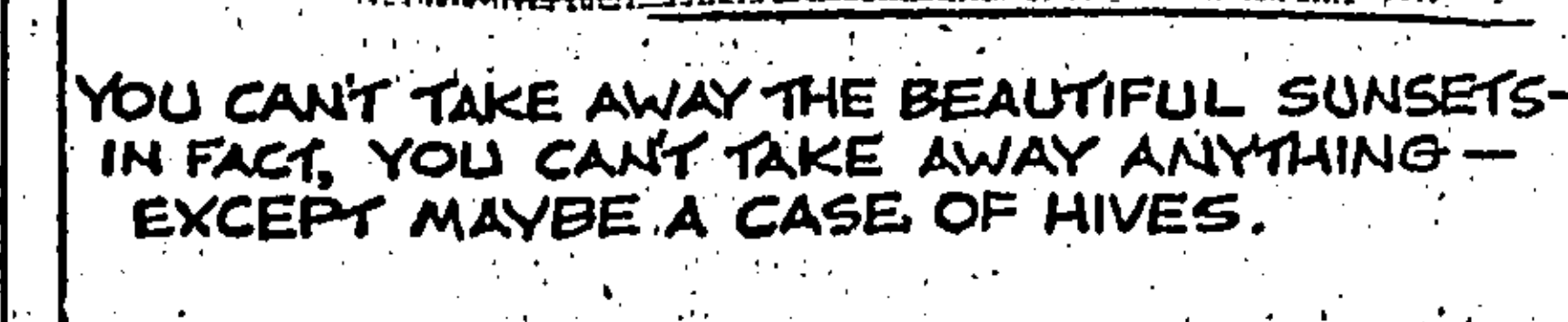
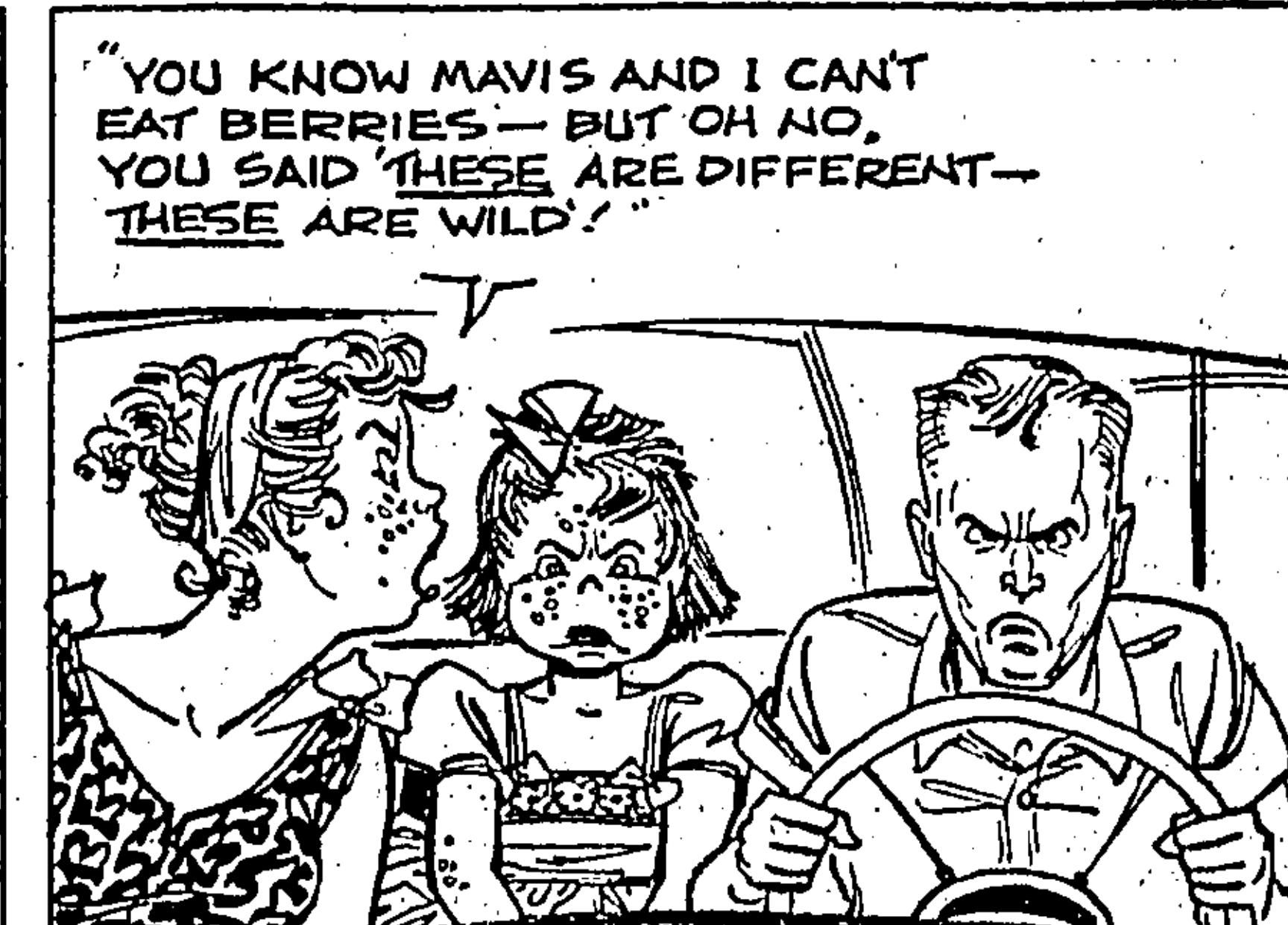
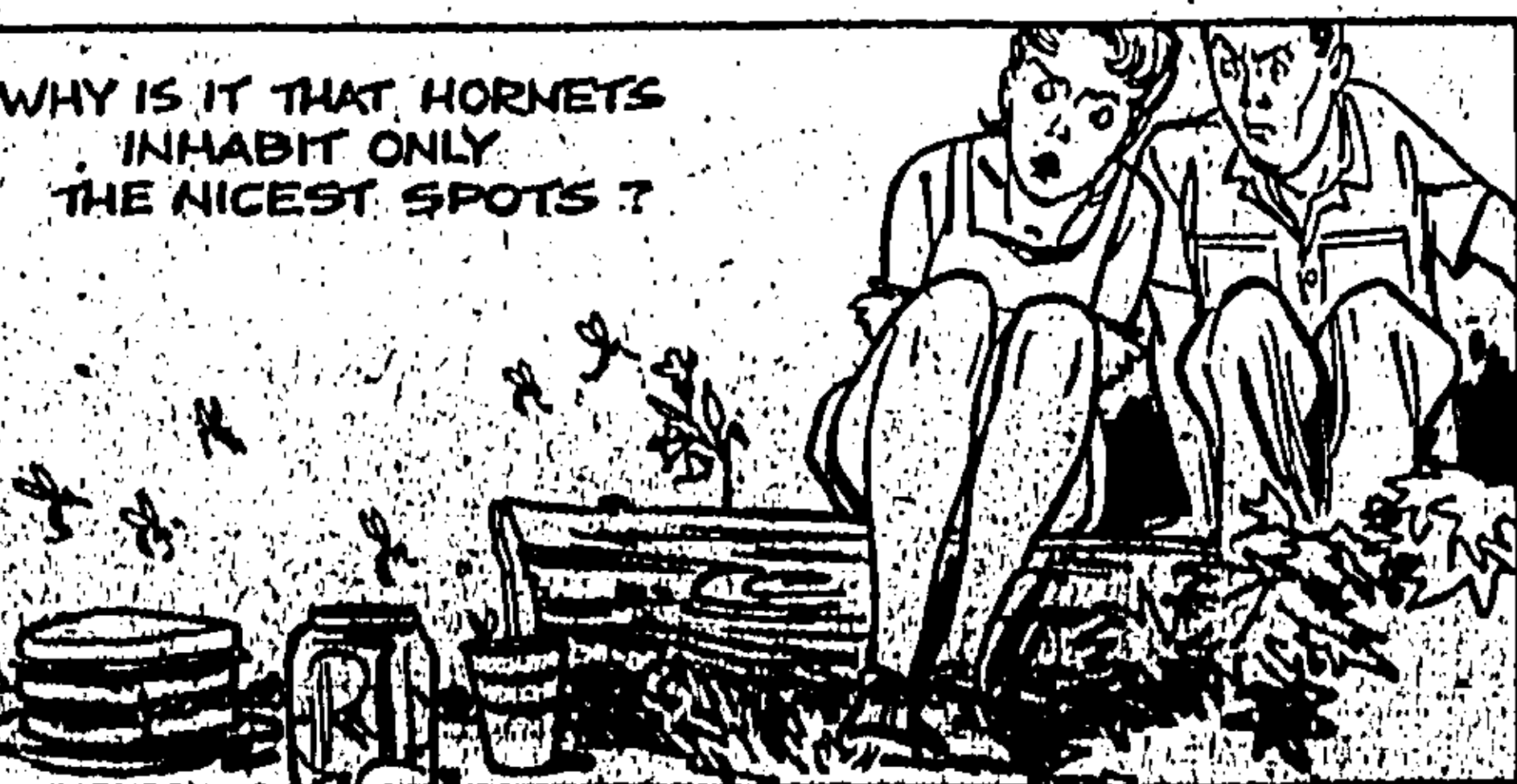
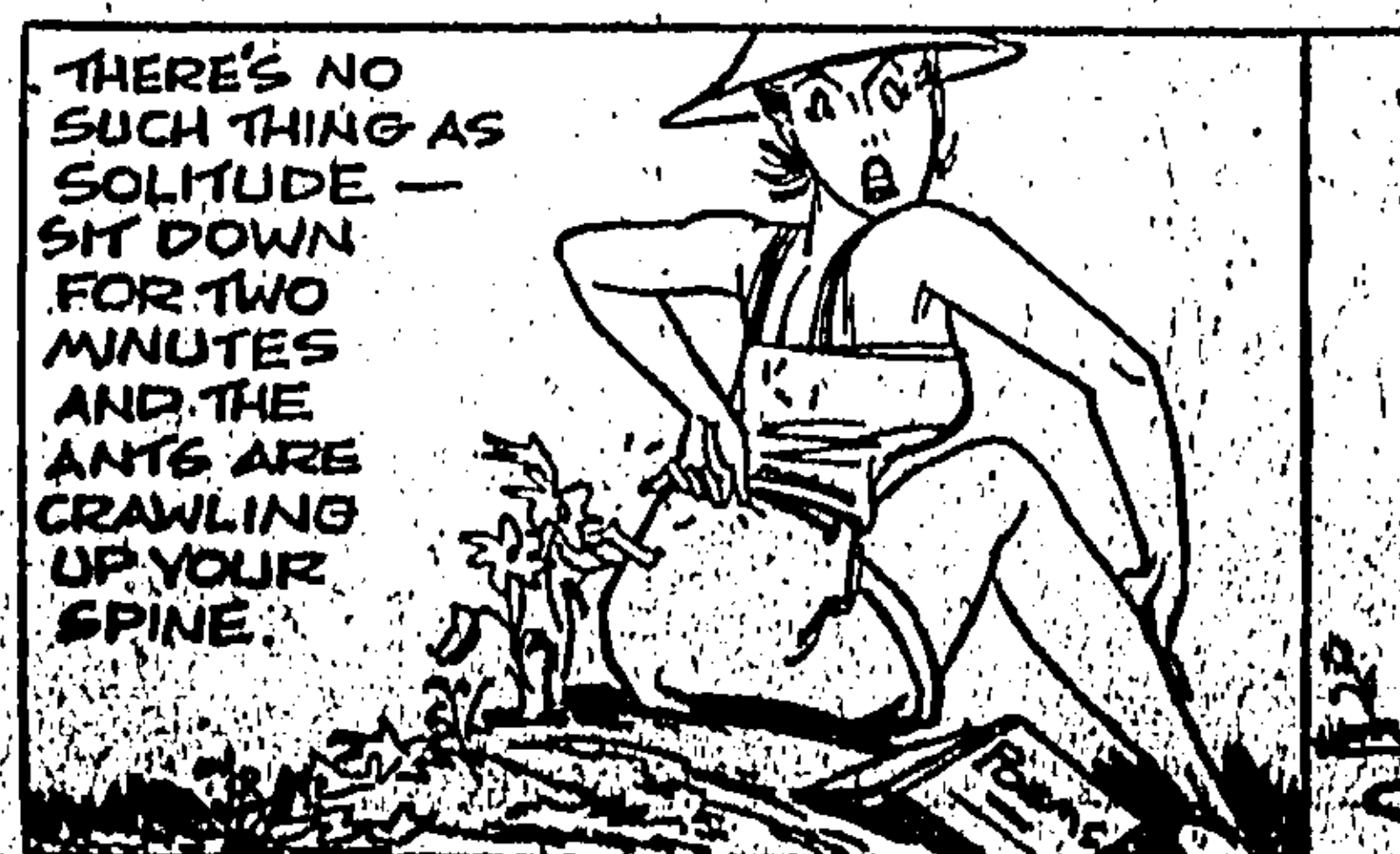
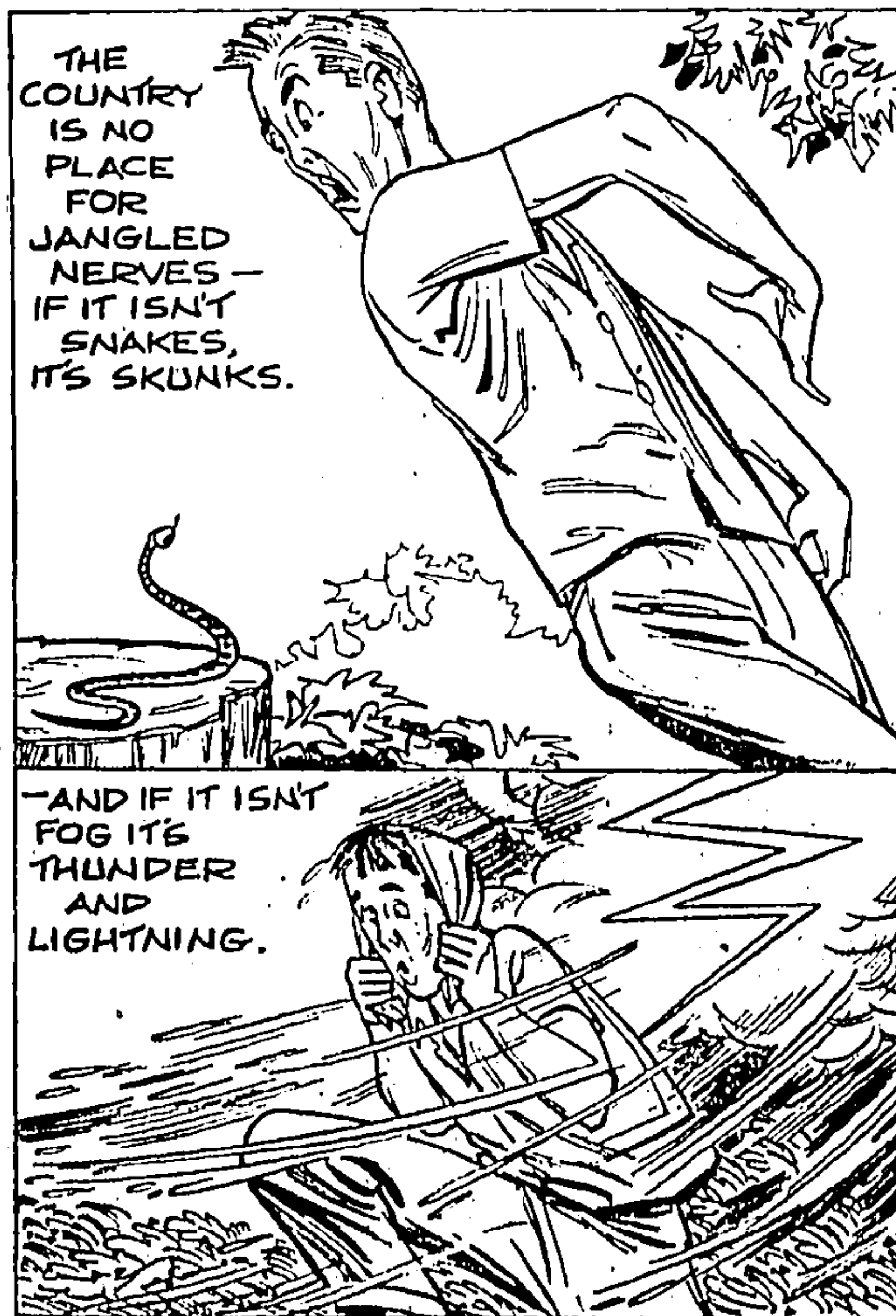
★ THAT should see us well into the twenty-first century.

—from "The Folies Bergère," by director Paul Deroul. (Methuen, 12s. 6d.).

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Back To Nature

BY HARRY WEINERT

COMIC-OPERA
PRISON

Vienna, Oct. 7.

A decision by the Austrian Supreme Court virtually gives prison warders the right to grant convicts leave of absence from prison and other privileges.

Josef Melcher and Johann Urf, warders at Villach prison, in Carinthia, were sentenced by a district court judge to 10 and 10 months' hard labour on a charge of "abusing their official powers."

They had allowed convicts out on parole to visit bars and cinemas.

They had attended mixed parties in the cells at which there were drinks and a prison orchestra played.

Conditions at this comic-opera prison were brought to light when Villach police arrested a drunken man trying to sell a bicycle. He turned out to be a prisoner given "leave" by the two warders, and their trial was the result of this discovery.

After their conviction the two warders appealed to the Supreme Court. And to everybody's surprise, their conviction was upheld.

—London Express Service.

ONE MUST ADMIT, SCREECH OWLS HAVE THEIR VALUE

Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

Alec Stock
By ARCHIE QUICK

Wherever there is Soccer transfer talk these days, the man of the moment is Victor Groves, an ex-cutter and salesman in Billingsgate Fish Market in the City of London. Mr Groves is more easily recognised as a centre-forward who has gained an international "cap" with England, and now supplements his income playing for Leyton Orient as a professional.

Arsenal were immediately prepared to pay £15,000 for him when they heard that Orient were in financial straits. The curious thing is that Tottenham Hotspur are also willing to sign a five-figure cheque for full back Stanley Charlton—and too won an English Amateur International "cap." So too did Ronnie Heckman, and Phil Woosnam got one for Wales. And they are all in Leyton Orient's very successful Third Division side.

Who is the wizard who can wave his wand and induce these foremost amateurs to turn professional for an unfashionable North East London club? Alec Stock is the name, a quiet, good looking young man, who made his mark as a player with Charlton Athletic and Queens Park Rangers, rejected a non-League Yeovil Town to the national newspapers' headlines with their succession of uncanny Cup victories over such as Sunderland and Bury, and then lifted Orient from the slough of despond into promotion challenges.

There is no doubt that this ex-captain of Royal Artillery could choose from most of the plum managerial jobs in football if he were so inclined, but Stock has a faith in Orient, directors and players alike, and he wants to stay there at least until he has raised them to the Second Division, or beyond. It is a hard task, with narrow money resources, but fair-haired Alec tackles it with the same intense vigour as he did at Yeovil.

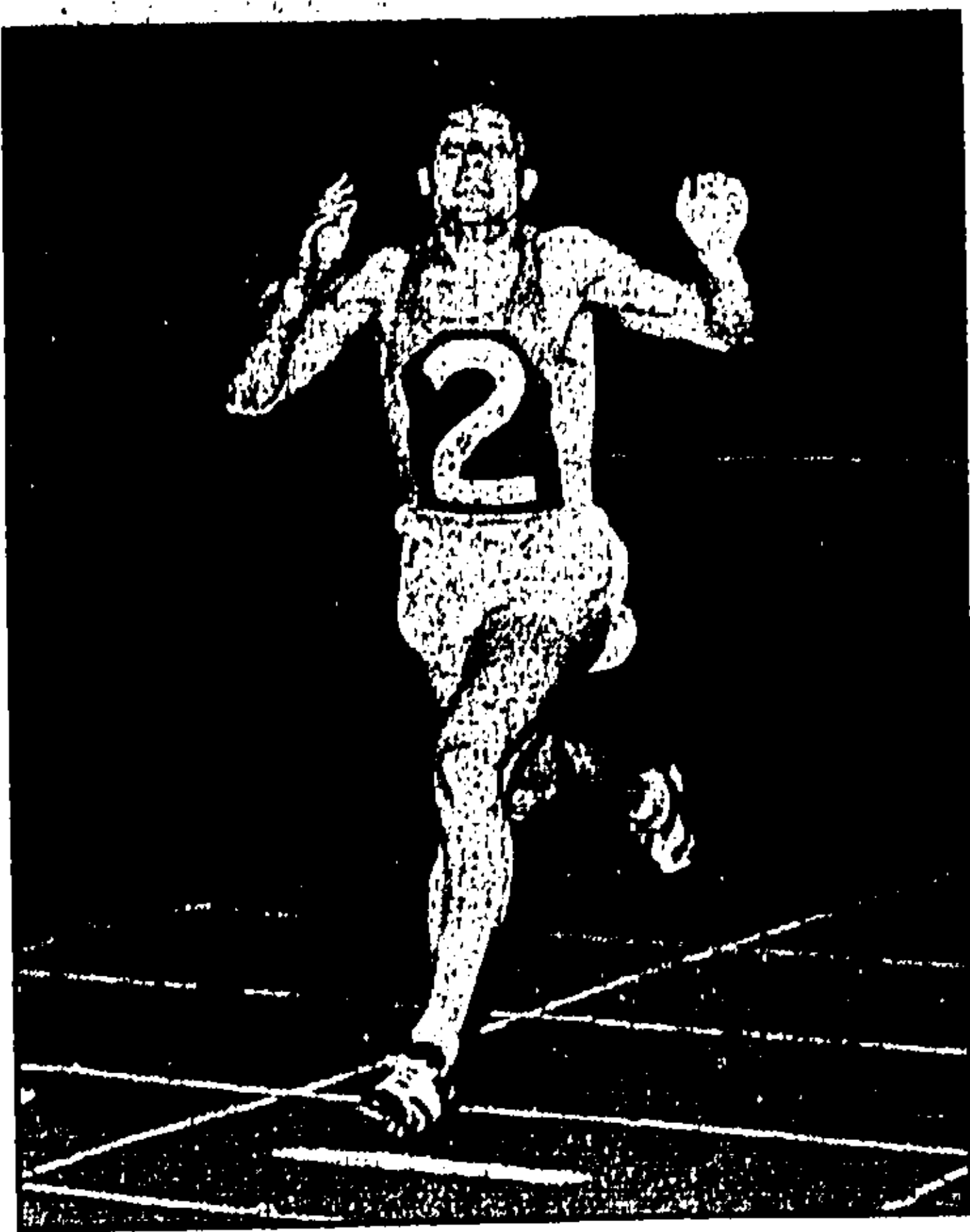
Stock is a deep student of the game, a student of psychology too, and his players idolise him. No manager has succeeded in gathering together a happier bunch of players, and that, as much as skill, is Orient's secret. "We give them a fair deal here," he says, and men like Vic Groves replies: "I do not wish to play for a better club, but I am willing to be transferred for Mr Stock's sake. If the club needs the money."

And they do—£10,000 of it to satisfy a bank manager. And that, of course, is one of the reasons why the loyal Alec Stock plods on. Perhaps "plods" is the wrong word though for he has an imaginative brain with the bump of publicity well developed.



London Express Service.

EUROPE'S NO. 2



Voitto Hellsten of Finland winning the 440 Yards at the floodlit athletic meeting at the White City, London, on September 21. Hellsten, runner-up in last year's European Championships to Ardalion Ignatyev of the USSR, won by more than 10 yards from Dick Malocco, America's No. 3, and Peter Fryer, the AAA Champion, clocking 47.3 seconds — one of the fastest times ever returned for the "Quarter" at the White City.—Express Photo.

LEAGUE CRICKET

IRC v. Recreio Is Today's Most Interesting Match

By "RECORDER"

The most interesting of today's Cricket League matches is the IRC v. Recreio fixture at Soakunpo. Both these teams won last week, IRC against the Optimists and Recreio from Craigengower.

IRC's batting is strengthened by the inclusion of A. R. Abbas and Lalchandani takes over as wicketkeeper from veteran "Puddy" Ismail who did duty last week. The bowling is the same as last week with "Patty" Minu still to make his return.

Eddie Gosano is captain of Recreio. He did not play last week when the team made 117 against Craigengower's indifferent bowling and his return adds many more runs to Recreio's potential.

Last week "Spotty" Pereira and L. J. d'Almeida Remedios were largely responsible for the dismantling of Craigengower's fairly strong batting side for 88 and today there is the addition of Eddie Gosano to the visitors' attack which is more experienced if not as varied as the hosts'.

A confident IRC team should hold their own today. In the tactics of the match it will be a case largely of Arthur Rumbold, the IRC skipper, against the wealth of experience of nearly half the Recreio side. The home side's early batsmen will have to be rock steady to pull the team through to victory.

The reigning Champions, KCC, are the guests of the Optimists at Chuter Road and face an already strong batting side strengthened by the return of Laurie Kibbe.

NOT USUAL CHORE

"Buddy" Carnell will not find wicket-taking as easy a job as usual and if the Optimists rattle up a reasonable score they may make a match of it

as there is no indication as yet that KCC have settled down to solid batting.

Army South travel to Kai Tak to take on the Royal Air Force and should take four points at the expense of the unsettled state of the home side.

Craigengower are at home to the Scorpions at the Valley. The home team will pose an indifferent attack against a strong batting side. Buji Dhabar, a left arm medium fast bowler, is very much improved on his form of previous seasons, but Billmorin is out this week with a broken bone in his foot.

However, the home side, with several batsmen capable of coming off on occasion with a handsome score, are reinforced by two additional batsmen both described as being of definitely First Division calibre.

They are P.A. Cross, formerly of the Army, and K. M. Watkins, formerly of the RAF. Scorpions' Stanton and Weller may, therefore, leave much unfinished work for the visitors' other bowlers.

This looks very much like a game of big scores and no decision.

Army North visit Police at Happy Valley while it is Royal Navy's turn to have a bye.

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

Sing Tao's Outfit Represents Team-Building In Its Best Sense

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

The meeting of Sing Tao and Eastern last Tuesday produced an interesting study in football affairs for those who were prepared to look deep enough to find it.

The game was as even as a game can be and many people agreed with my view that the Tigers were very unfortunate not to be rewarded with at least one point. The equality of the play ends the similarity between the two teams and a study of both is well worth while here. The difference is that between building and pre-fabrication.

Sing Tao's line-up contained three veterans who have played in the familiar yellow and black jersey for many years. They are stunted club men in the very best traditions of the game and there is not the slightest doubt that it is their experience, knowledge, and lasting enthusiasm for the game which inspires the spirit of keenness that permeates the side.

The Sing Tao outfit represents team-building in its best sense. Promising youngsters have been encouraged, coached, and groomed for senior football by sound officialdom off the field and by mature thoughtful direction on it. The result is a satisfactory blending of age and youth and a pleasant absence of blustering during a match.

READY MADE STARS

Eastern on the other hand represents the complete antithesis in the matter of team building. Hardly a player in the side that is at the moment claiming the limelight can be claimed as a product of a progressive policy within the club organisation.

Players of big reputation have been recruited from any and every available source in a manner strangely reminiscent of the prefabrication tactics of Newcastle United and Sunderland back in the United Kingdom.

The acquisition of ready made stars is good box-office to use a term from the entertainment world—but it can have its complications too.

It was obvious during the match against Sing Tao that the side do not always think in unison... and what is more, they are quite prepared openly to show their dissent with each other. A good example was when Sing Tao scored their second goal.

Fingers of scorn were pointed, arms were flung high in eloquent gesture, scowls were cast around, and a few recriminating tongues did a spot of wagging. Even constellations can be a little overworked.

There is not the slightest doubt that the wholesale gathering of big names has produced a good Eastern team... a team that may well have an important say in the destiny of all the season's honours... but in comparison with Sing Tao's methods of team building it is somehow a hollow sort of success... although I have no doubt that the Eastern officials would be the last to agree.

The week's football produced several interesting incidents and I believe that at least two of them... and I personally hope three of them... will be discussed by our long suffering referees in due course.

When the Police played the Army at Boundary Street last Sunday, the referee produced a good Eastern team... a team that may well have an important say in the destiny of all the season's honours... but in comparison with Sing Tao's methods of team building it is somehow a hollow sort of success... although I have no doubt that the Eastern officials would be the last to agree.

ACCIDENTAL ERROR

So heavy is the weight of evidence in the matter that I have little doubt that the referee in charge of the game did make an honest and accidental error. Such things are indicative only of human shortcomings and no one would think of criticising it... provided the official takes reasonable steps to correct his error when it is pointed out to him.

In this particular case a team official and a Councilor of the HKFA pointed out the five minutes error almost immediately but the referee took no apparent steps to put things

right. You will probably react to this by asking why the man in charge did not check with his nearest linesman... but I shall not embarrass the man with the flag by saying what his reply would have been. I asked a leading official of the FA—who incidentally was present at the match—what he thought of the incident. He said that he had timed the second half and he was certain that only 40 minutes had been played.

He also told me that there are many precedents of the incident, and said also that the referee should have considered the matter quickly and if satisfied that he had made a mistake he should have recalled the players and played out the full time.

As it was, the game resulted in a draw and neither side felt very strongly about what happened, but how different it might have been in other circumstances. What is dangerous play? That is something that was being asked around the stands during the Eastern-Sing Tao match on Tuesday. It has often been said that the term can be interpreted to cover the incident when a player becomes either a danger to an opponent or to himself... or further still, if by some action a player places himself in such a position that he renders dangerous any act by an opponent.

DEFINITE EFFORT

During the game last Tuesday a defender went down very low... practically on his knees... to clear a ball. A forward on the other side who was running in made a definite effort to play the ball, and there was no doubt at all that the action of the defender forced the forward into a dangerous act. The whistle went and a free kick was awarded against the FORWARD.

In the opinion of many at the game the award was unjustified and that it was the low bending defender who should have been penalised. To accept any other ruling would be to create a situation, where it would be possible for a player to get himself out of trouble by deliberately forcing an opponent into an act of "dangerous play".

WEEK'S MATCHES

Football fans will be well catered for during the incoming week. Here is the full programme—
Today: KMB v. Kwong Wah at Caroline Hill; Club v. Eastern at Club Stadium; Police v. Kitcher at Boundary St. All games at 5.30 p.m.
Tomorrow: South China v. Army at Caroline Hill; Sing Tao v. St. Joseph's at Club Stadium; Navy v. RAF at Causeway Bay. All at 5.30 p.m.

Monday: Combined Chinese v. Rest at Club Stadium at 8 p.m. in the annual Double Tenth Charity Match.
Tuesday: CAA v. Police at Caroline Hill; Kwong Wah v. South China at Club Stadium. Both games at 5.30 p.m.

Short Handed First Win

All this season Olympic United have been struggling to gain their first victory in the Mill Hill (Lancashire) League. They achieved it this week at the sixth attempt—and they did it with only eight men! There was no doubt about it either, for the margin was 8-1.

LEARN YOUR CRICKET

THIS STROKE TAKES YOU HALF-WAY

Here is the second in the China Mail series of coaching articles from the book *How to Play Cricket*, produced for the MCC.

The forward stroke is invaluable in defence and is the basis of all the drives. Learn it correctly and you are more than half-way to becoming a batsman.

The object is to play the ball as near as possible to the point where it pitches.

Lead with the head, left hip, and shoulder out to the line of the ball, and aim to meet it with the bat a few inches in front of the left foot which

The head should be behind the top of the bat handle and over the point of contact. Watch the ball as long as possible.

Forward stroke to the off-ball

In general, the stroke is the same as for the straight ball. But the wider the ball the more must the back of the left shoulder and hip be turned out the bowler, and the wicket should the left foot be pointed as it comes down just inside the line of the ball.

The left knee will bend rather more than in playing the straight ball to ensure "the gate is shut." The head will again lead the stroke with the face kept as fully turned down the wicket as possible.

The batsman should never play the defensive forward stroke to any ball so wide that it does not threaten his wicket.

Forward stroke to the on-ball

For balls well pitched up on or near the line of the leg stump, the first movement should be a slight dipping of the left shoulder. This will help the batsman to lead out and over on to the line with his head and shoulder with the left foot landing just outside the line of the ball and the toe pointing almost straight.

The straighter the ball, the straighter must the stroke be aimed.

Keep the full face of the bat moving through as long as possible; beware of the right hand taking charge and of the left tip falling away.

Either fault will make you play across the ball. There is no better test of a young batsman than his ability to play this stroke securely.

(COPYRIGHT)



FORWARD STROKE: Head over the ball... bat meets ball just in front of the left foot.

should be pointing between mid-off and extra cover.

The weight should be right forward over a bent left knee. For this the right foot will naturally lift, and when the ball is met only the toe will be on the ground.

The left hand and wrist must control the stroke; the right hand relaxing into a thumb-and-finger grip. The longer the left hand keeps the full face of the blade moving down the line of the ball, the safer the stroke.

Floodlight Soccer Is One Way To Supplement Players' Income

Says ARCHIE QUICK

Clyde, the Glasgow 'A' Division Club, comes out strongly on the side of floodlit football. Director Hugh Taylor told me that the additional money the professionals could earn by this means, kept them in a happier frame of mind and also gave additional entertainment to the Club's followers.

"Most of our staff," he said "are part-timers and floodlit football is one way of supplementing their incomes without increasing the financial strain on the Club."

Clyde played under the lights at Arsenal and won 2-1. The anomalous thing was that the Arsenal players, because they lost, did not get one penny piece extra for their evening's work. If they had won, their bonus would have been £2. each and £1 each for a draw, but the Clyde players were on £20 a man win, lose or draw. The Arsenal guaranteed Clyde a solid sum, paid it and still made a profit so everybody was happy—except the Arsenal players.

Advancing age of several stalwarts is the real cause of Arsenal's dilemma and that they have not reared their own young talent is a weakness that has at last caught up with them.

Dezill Flanagan, the Amateur International school master was tried on the left wing against Clyde, scored a goal and put up a fair show but he is not the answer to Arsenal's wing problem. He is too dainty for the hairy burly of League football.

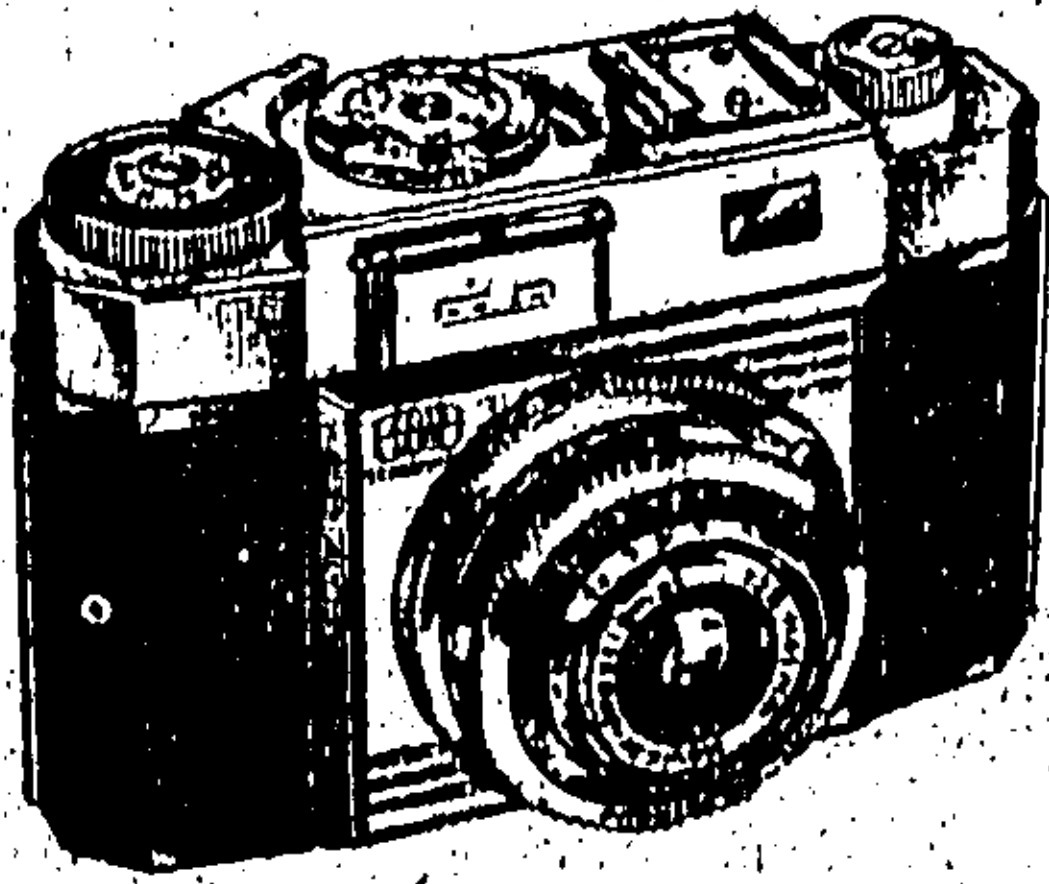
RELEGATION

As Clyde have arranged five such matches in England before Christmas their players are doing very nicely, thank you. Lots of other Scottish clubs are flocking over the Border too, to collect the Salsburgh shekels. As for Arsenal, they face the biggest crisis in the Club's history. It would be a tragedy if this most famous of England Clubs should sink to the Second Division.

SPORTS QUIZ

- How many players are there in an ice-hockey team?
- In which sport were the "Doctor" and the "Don" the leading players of their day?
- Which of these players never won the Wimbledon Men's Singles title (a) Donald Budge (b) Budge Patty (c) Bunny Austin (d) G. Von Cramm.
- A soccer forward is level with an opposing full-back when he receives a pass from a colleague. Only the keeper is between him and the goal. Is he off-side?
- What is a gooley?
- In which game is a "spoon" used?
- Which game is started by a bully?
- Name the controlling official at the following sports (a) Boxing (b) Rowing (c) Billiards.
- What country holds the World Soccer Cup?
- Who were the last team to beat England in a cricket series?

Answers See Page 17.

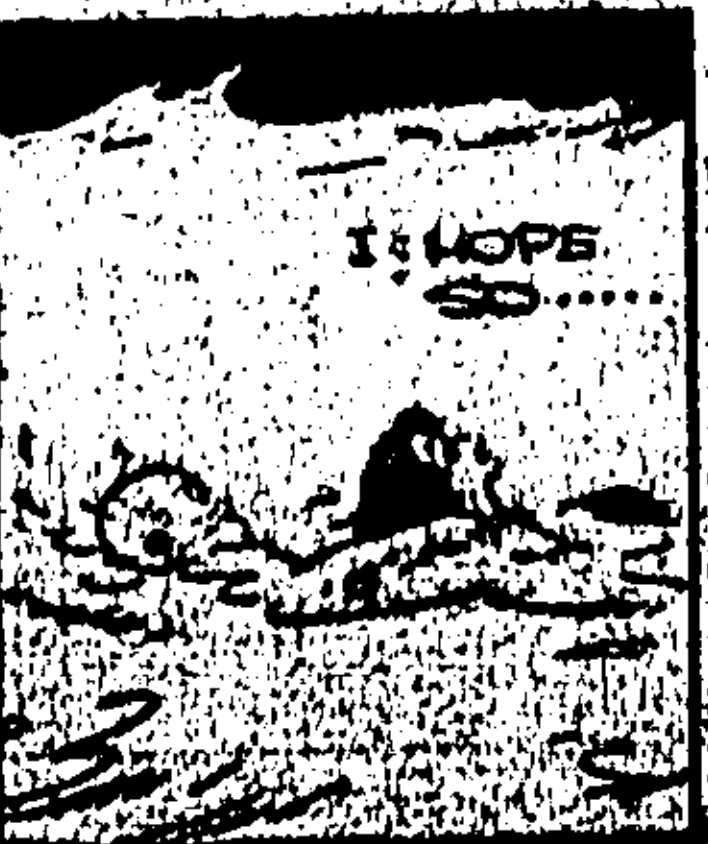
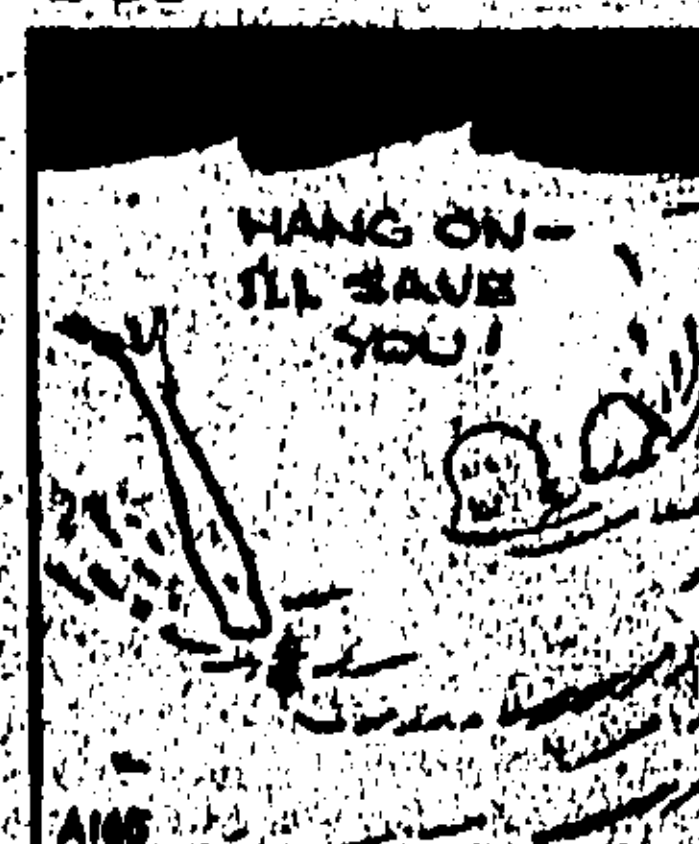


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LAWN BOWLS

International Series Semi-final Tomorrow

Local lawn bowls is all set for its closing day — perhaps one of the grandest that it has ever had — with a grand Ball at the Peninsula Hotel on Saturday, November 5.

The Ball will be graced with the presence of His Excellency the Governor and Lady Grantham and from the response that is coming in it is more than certain that the event is going to be an extremely successful one.

Organisers of the Ball have set \$20,000 as the target with which they hope to swell the Empire Games Fund from the raffle which will be held that night and, before the season officially comes to a close, officers of the Hongkong Lawn Bowls Association may already pride themselves on having conducted the Association through a most successful season.

Only two events remain to be completed before the closing day—the International Shield series and the Atkinhead Shield match.

The semi-finals of the International Series will be played tomorrow, starting at 3.30 p.m., at the Kowloon Bowling Green. Club between England "A" and India and between England "B" and Hongkong "B".

From form at-played in earlier matches it looks as if England "A" and Hongkong "B" will fight out the final of the competition.

The slips of the two teams, B. W. Bradbury and Tommy Baker, both played a sterling game last week and are right in their top form at the moment.

Both India and England "B" however, are no pushovers by any means and are expected to put up strong resistance in the games tomorrow before going down.

TWO POINTS

Before the season comes to a close it is perhaps opportune at this time to raise two points which have become regular topics of discussion among lawn bowls groups.

The first one is, of course, the question of the Association trying to get its own greens. It is learnt that efforts are being made by the Association in this direction and the latest pleasing news is that an offer of a \$10,000 donation has been made to the Association by one of our prominent local bowlers for this purpose.

Quite a few think that at least twenty times that donation is needed before the Association could hope for such a project to materialise, but at least a start has already been made and perhaps with a little publicity more such offers may be forthcoming.

The Association need not start with a grand clubhouse—just a sort of bar, with plans for extension as time goes on. The acquisition of greens will be the more important aspect.

The second point is the intense heat in which our local bowlers now have to play their games.

Because of the claims of cricket in the winter season, it is perhaps not possible to have the game of lawn bowls played during the winter months.

A more practical solution seems to be the introduction of night bowls in every club. Cost of installation of lights and maintenance could be recovered from nominal charges of say a dollar per bowler per night.

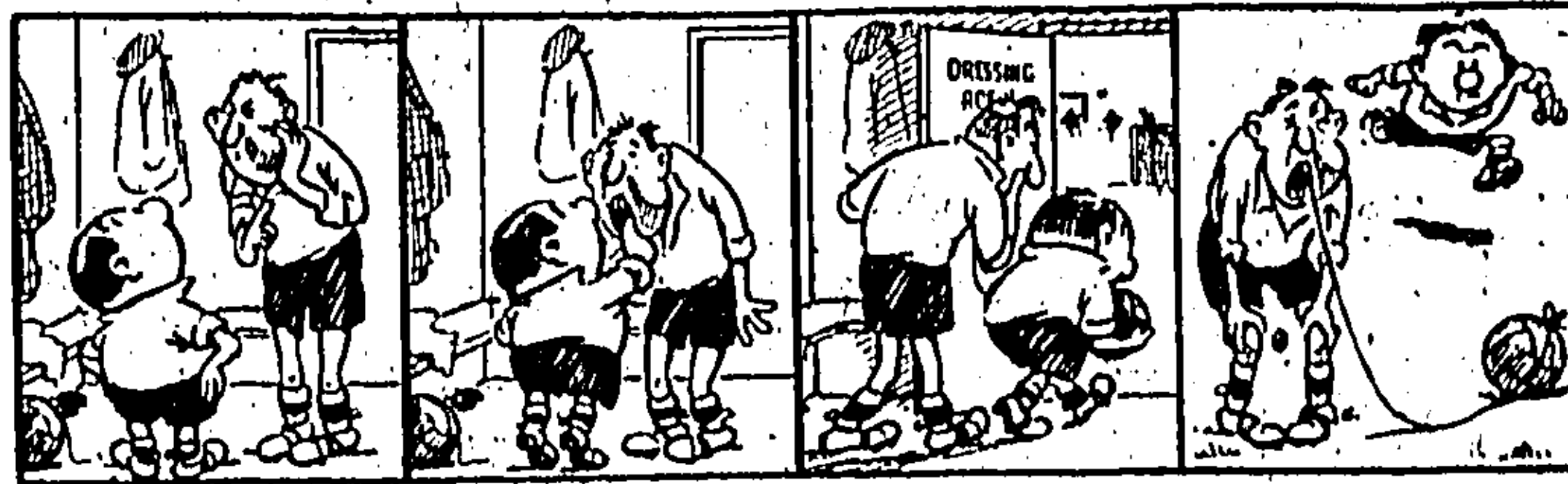
There is no doubt that much greater pleasure and enjoyment would be accorded all lawn bowlers if all League games and even Championship matches were to be played in the coolness of the night.

Wembley Cup Trail Muddle

It is a long way to Wembley's Cup Final, but the minor clubs have started on the road, not without some confusion. Burton Albion Reserves played Barrow Old Boys in the Leicester area, and the match was due to take place at Barrow-on-Soar. When Burton arrived they found Barrow had already travelled to Staffordshire. After a phone call Burton returned to their own ground many miles away and the game took place.

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



Managers Are Soccer Slaves Too; Give Them A New Deal Now

Says DON REVIE

I met a great international footballer the other day who is now a manager. I was shocked. The once-fit athlete looked a prematurely old man.

"Whatever they do, Don," he warned me, "don't let them kid you into becoming a football club manager when you've finished playing."

Why not? Because though many good clubs give their managers a free hand, like Stan Cullis at Wolves and Matt Busby at Manchester United, quite a few don't. And I honestly believe until ALL football club managers get a square deal then Soccer in England will not improve.

We have heard a great deal lately about Soccer Slaves. But if players need a new deal, so do the managers; for plenty of them sit on the hottest seat in football.

Too many boardroom chaps, though they often know the game from A to Z and have the loyalty and respect of their players, squirm uneasily whenever they look at the League tables. If their clubs aren't high enough up, these managers are in danger of losing their jobs.

Manager A is one of the most respected men in football. He has taken his team to the Cup Final and won the League Championship. Then his team sunk in the League. What did he do? He immediately applied for the manager's job of a struggling Second Division club, because he felt he would get more freedom from directorial interference there. Fortunately his own club picked up during the negotiations and he did not make the move. He did not have to.

scouting system; develop his youngsters; and arrange the team's playing tactics and style.

(2) Team selection should be left entirely to the manager. His place is with the players. His job depends on their success.

(3) No manager should have any office jobs or secretarial tasks such as arranging travel and hotels. He should spend his time with the players in the dressing room, or on the field.

IN NAME ONLY

In other words a manager should be allowed to manage. No wonder so many great footballers, who would help to raise our Soccer prestige, don't stay in the game as managers. They know they would be manager in name only. As one manager remarked to me: "The salary looks good, Don, but you spend most of it on specialist treatment for stomach ulcers." I can well believe it.

It was a tragedy to see Stan Matthews hobble off Maine Road last Saturday with the groin injury which kept him out of England's team against Denmark. At first I thought, Stan a little optimistic when he said: "I suppose it will take about 14 days to heal." I myself was out for six weeks when I had groin trouble. But when I recalled Stan's astonishing physical fitness, I thought that if he says he will be fit in 14 days I expect he will be. I have never met a fitter man.

The argument still rages as to how long Stan will continue playing. No one knows. Stan won't say, and in that he's very wise. But I personally will be very surprised if he is not playing when he is 45.

What a comedian this chap Ernie Taylor of Blackpool is! When Manchester City played Blackpool Ernie (only 5ft. 4in.) went up for a corner at the same time as Dave Ewing and Bert Trautmann, both of whom are over 6ft.

Ernie was caught between the two of them, and as he fell he remarked, wryly to me: "Can't you tell these big fellows I'm only a little chap, Don? They take my heading too seriously."

I often wonder how many tiny lads at school take heart and go out with renewed confidence at Soccer after seeing just how brilliant a small player like Ernie Taylor can be in the hurly burly of League football. Like Bobby Johnstone of Manchester City Ernie proves that if you are good enough, then you are big enough!

HAPPY MANAGER

That doesn't apply to every club. But almost without exception, the teams who are doing well have a happy manager on a long-term contract.

It is one of the tragedies of our football that a few busy-bodies in the boardroom can upset the entire harmony of a club. Naturally when a man becomes a football club director he wants his club to do well. The vast majority are real sports, who put money into the club; they worry about it; they help in the search for talent and they do a thousand-and-one jobs the average football fan doesn't hear about.

But there are other directors too — who just because they played some junior football in their youth think they should crack the Big Whip, start a campaign against the manager in the boardroom and upset the running of the team.

Here are two examples. I only wish I could give the true names of the men concerned. If I did, it would shock the football world.

A Second Tommy Lawton

Just as there is more than one Stanley Matthews so there is a second Tommy Lawton. That is the name of the player, a nineteen-year-old, whom Stoke City have introduced to League football. Son of a local butcher and a part-time professional, he is learning to be a quantity surveyor. Significantly, he plays at centre-forward like the other Tom, and scored in each of his first two Senior games.

UNCERTAINTY

This uncertainty among the managers spreads to the team. Many times at the start of a season the manager tells the lads: "Play football; keep the ball; don't make use of it; don't kick it wildly."

But nevertheless the team starts the season with a big run, and a worried manager walks in, saying: "For heaven's sake don't try to be clever. Play safe and kick the ball out of play... don't let the other side settle."

So the game descends into a better-sketcher affair. And when one team starts using the Big Boot other teams, trying to play controlled Soccer, find themselves put off their game.

For that reason I believe it is high time we had a New Deal for managers on these lines:

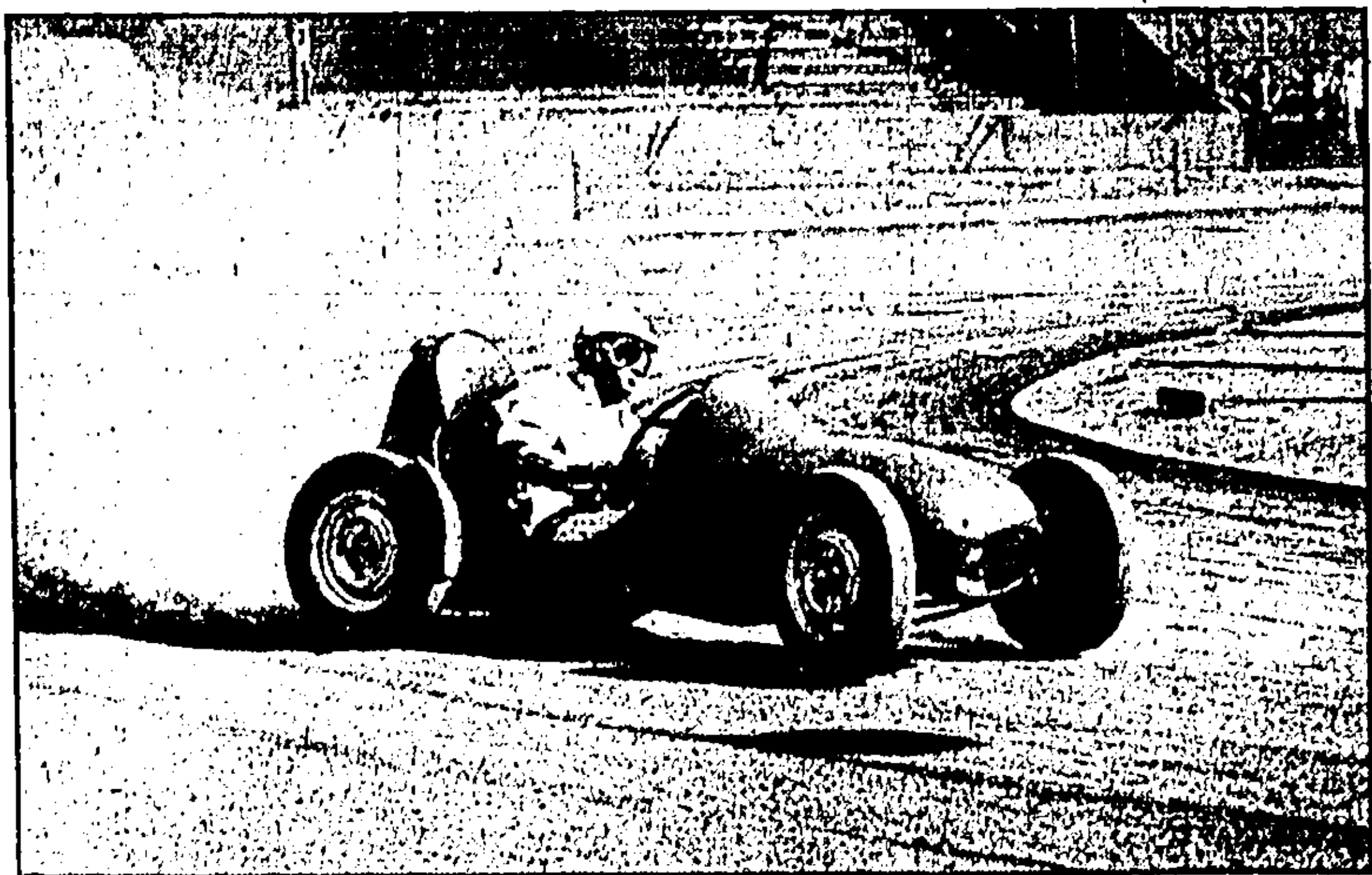
(1) All managerial contracts should be for a minimum period of five years. Directors should have enough confidence in their own judgment to give him that length of time. The manager would then have enough time to organise his

Answers To Sports Quiz

- Six.
- Cricket. The "Doctor" was Dr. W. G. Grace. The "Don" was Donald Bradman.
- Austin and Von Cramon.
- Yes. The forward must have two players BETWEEN him and the opposing goal.
- A cricket term for an off-break delivered with a leg-break action.
- Golf.
- Hockey.
- (a) Referee (b) Umpire (c) Marker.
- Germany.
- Australia in the 1950-51 series.

—(London Express Service).
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ATOM CAR ONE TAKES A CURVE



Driver Ronnie Moore, 1954 World Speedway Champion, negotiating a left-hand curve during the test of the Atom Car One at the Wimbledon speedway track. The Atom Car is powered by a 500 cc JAP engine and has a wheelbase of 5 feet 4 inches.—Express Photo.

THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS

by Barry Appleby



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NEW M3

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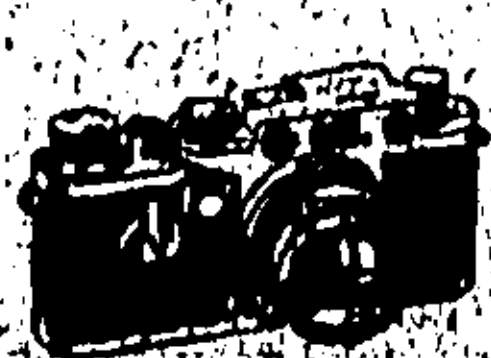
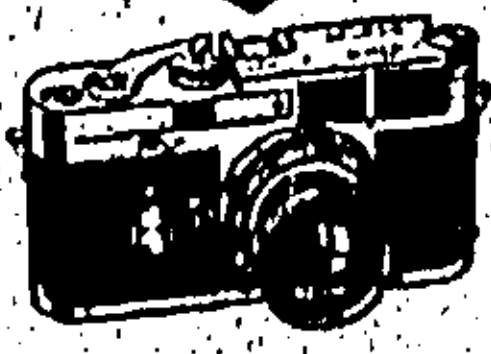
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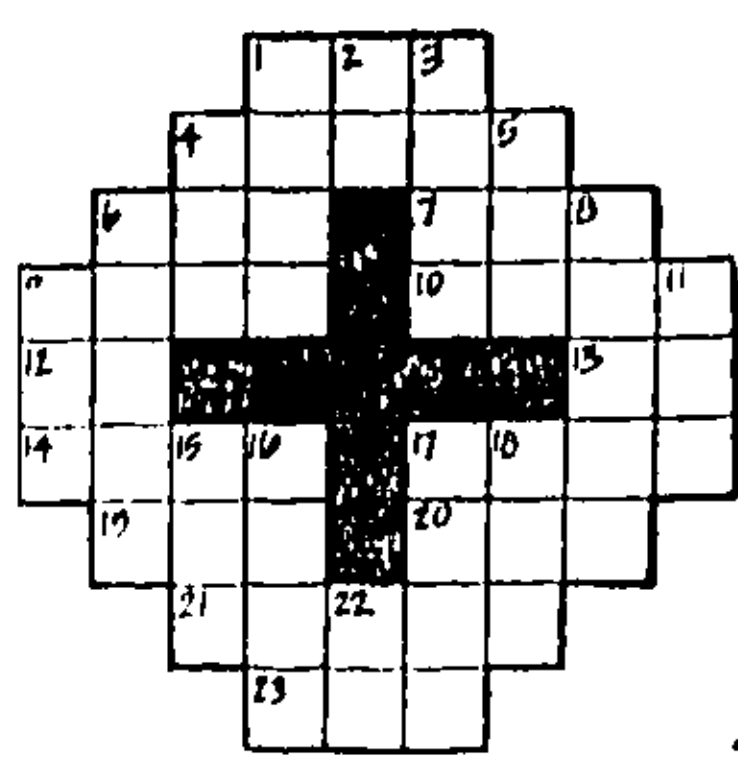
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FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 Period of time
- 2 Doctrine
- 3 Writing implement
- 4 Craft
- 5 Silver
- 6 Indian peasant
- 7 Egyptian sun god
- 8 Preposition
- 9 Ledger entry
- 10 Borrowed amount
- 11 Compass point
- 12 Measure of cloth
- 13 Great fear
- 14 Bitter vetch

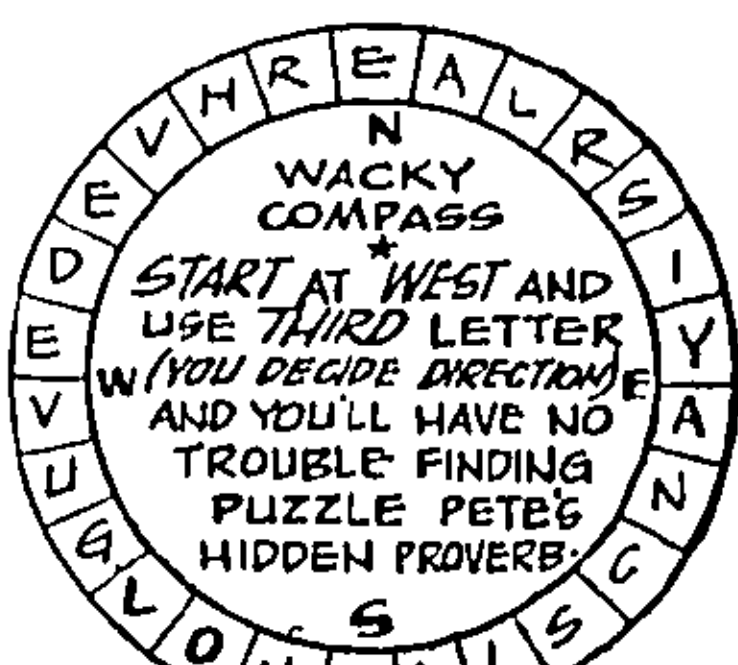
DOWN

- 1 Disavow
- 2 Any
- 3 Twelve months
- 4 Beverage
- 5 Attempt
- 6 Prattle
- 7 Add up
- 8 Three times (comb. form)
- 9 Unit of weight
- 10 Conclusion
- 11 Simple
- 12 Meadows
- 13 Aged
- 14 Comparative suffix

SCRAMBLE 'EM

Scramble "a snare" for "enthralled" and scramble "a cruel" for "a snare" and scramble this for "a portal."

WACKY COMPASS



MESSAGE CARRIER

1. Cut 2 six inch long pieces from a CLOTHES HANGAR.

2. Slip a wooden SPOOL in the center of each wire and bend it like this...

3. TACK THE WIRE TO A WINDOW LEDGE OF EACH HOUSE

UPHOLSTERING TACKS.

4. Run a STRING between the windows and loop it around the spools.

5. PUNCH TWO HOLES OPPOSITE EACH OTHER 1 IN. FROM TOP RIM OF A REFRIGERATOR CARTON... TIE STRINGS THROUGH THE HOLES AND THEN THE CARTON TO BOTTOM STRAND OF CARRIER.

BAND SECRET (5) MESSAGES TO YOUR PAI

Indian Chief Makes Peace With Brave Little Boy

"OBADIAH, are you going to spit that wood today, or not?" Mistress Prescott spoke a trifle sharply, and her son at once rose to his feet. "Yes, Mother, I'll get at it right away!"

The Prescott cabin had been built on the borders of the Old Bay Colony; and in those early days of the 18th century life was rough and dangerous.

Sounds from the inner room caused Obadiah to pause. "How you feeling today, White Doe?" he called out cheerfully.

"Me better! Paleface medicine do lot good!" was the reply. White Doe was an Indian maid of the Wampanoag tribe, whom Obadiah and his father had rescued from fierce Mohegans who had captured her upriver. Hungry and hurt, she could only tell them she'd been taken from some distant camp of the Wampanoags.

DROVE A WEDGE

"Fine!" said Obadiah, and hurried out to the shed after an ax. He found his father at work there. "Better take your rifle, too!" advised his parent. "One never knows when the Mohegans may come growling around!"

Bearing his double burden, Obadiah started off, whistling, and having plunged into the forest, came upon a pine tree trunk he'd felled the day before. He started to strip it of its branches, after leaning his rifle against a huge oak.

Soon it was necessary to drive a wedge between the two sections of the partly severed log, and having fashioned one he drove it in very firmly. That done, he raised his ax in air, but paused as a sinister shadow



fell across the little clearing.

Glancing up, he beheld a fierce-looking savage, who now stepped between him and his rifle. Silently the Indian possessed himself of the precious weapon, then turned to the lad saying: "Paleface have plenty firesticks! I take um. Load mine in big river. Ugh!" It was a bold speech, and the red man had lost him own gun and was taking his to replace it. Well he'd not let him get away with it. Making a menacing motion with his ax he said defiantly: "Put that down! It's mine—and you'd better leave it where you found it!"

"Huh. You got me in a tight spot. And maybe you do need that gun more than I do!" he said evenly. This change of front astonished the Indian.

"As long as you've got the gun, maybe you won't mind giving me a lift here," went on Obadiah. "Help split pine trunk, huh?"

He pointed at the partially severed pine.

"How paleface boy want help?" "I'll show you!" Having taken a firm grip on one section of the trunk by gestures he invited the Indian to grasp to the other half. Between them they could easily rend it in twain.

The Indian understood. "Paleface lazy dog!" he grunted, but having put the rifle down beyond the lad's reach, he did as Obadiah had asked.

But no sooner had his fingers taken a firm grip, than Obadiah withdrew his own and knocked out the wedge. At once the two sections closed in a vice-like clutch. The Indian was caught.

Quickly the lad took the Indian's tomahawk, and the rifle too. Then, putting two fingers to his lips, he blew an ear-piercing signal which soon brought his father bursting through the brush, musket in hand. Two to one now, they released the unlucky red man.

While they debated what to do with him, White Doe came into view. She had left the cabin in search of berries.

PEACE SIGN

At sight of the tall savage she ran toward him, arms outstretched, and he clasped the little one to his breast. Then, addressing Obadiah and his father: "Me Long Fox, Wampanoag chief! This my daughter—Mohegans steal—many moons since."

White Doe poured out her tale of rescue and how the whites had restored her to him. Then Long Fox made the peace sign, and shook hands with her rescuers.

"Long Fox no forget! Heap big 'friend! Wampanoag keep the peace!" And they did, for many a year!

The Man Who Invented Air-conditioning

AIR-CONDITIONING was a first used to try to save a life.

James A. Garfield, 20th President of the United States, who was inaugurated on March 4, 1881, was assassinated in Washington on July 2, the same year, by Charles J. Guiteau.

In an effort to save the President's life, it was imperative to relieve the hot, midsummer temperature. Ordinary devices failed and outside help was sought.

Professor Simon Newcomb, a Canadian astronomer who migrated to the United States at the age of 18, was called in. He perfected a formula whereby the air in the room and the body temperature of the sick man were lowered to a safer degree. His good friend, Alexander Graham Bell, located the bullet that had evaded many doctors.

Although Garfield died, Professor Newcomb was hailed as a genius.

Simon Newcomb started life at Wallace, Nova Scotia. The son of poor parents, he walked barefooted to village schools. At 14, he was bound out to a farmer for board. Then, at 16, he was apprenticed as a doctor. After ser-

CAN WILD ANIMALS MAKE GOOD HOUSEHOLD PETS?

PEOPLE who go vacationing in summer sometimes bring home four-footed souvenirs of the most extraordinary type. George Hertler of Hamden, Conn., went vacationing in Minnesota one May. At the Canadian border he came upon some hunters who had just killed a mother bear. Pleased with their prize and anxious to tote it off, the hunters insisted they had no time to look for the cubs.

Mr Hertler spent six hours hunting the orphans. Finally, in a thickly wooded area, he found three bits of fur huddled together and shivering. The cubs were about three weeks old and weighed together about four and three-quarters pounds.

He gathered the tiny animals in his arms, took them to his car, and all the long miles back to Connecticut he bottle-fed the little fellows. When he entered a restaurant, armed with six nursing bottles, waitresses did look startled but Mr Hertler quickly announced that he had "triplets" in his car.

The three bears now run around the Hertler garage and yard in Connecticut.

When they grow older he intends to give them to the Lincoln Park Zoo in Chicago, where bears are not behind bars but in large moat-surrounded areas.

Mr and Mrs Orrel Parker of Cleveland visited Arizona and returned with seven little bears, known as kangaroo rats. "The jerbos make ideal pets," the Parkers say.

Have you ever heard of anyone bringing home an elephant? A former (and former zoo attendant) did. The elephant's name was Temple, and when she began fighting the other elephants in the Swope Park Zoo, the director sold her to the farmer for \$200. Temple moved in with the cows, horses, mules and chickens to become a pet.

Neighbours of mine brought home a bright-eyed fox from Pennsylvania. This fox had screened-in quarters in the half of a double garage. When Foxy was brought into the house, as he was on occasion, he proved to be quite destructive, yet this



elderly couple derived a great deal of fun and entertainment from their pet.

Two boys camping in the northwest brought back a pair of small monkey-faced white-and-tan rodents that they had been feeding nightly on peanut butter. The boys were sure they had discovered a brand-new species of white chipmunk. The wide flat tails and the hints of flanges on their sides puzzled them, however.

The zoo director in their home city was glad to identify the velvet-white beauties as

albino flying squirrels. This squirrel does not change colour with the season as does the fox and ptarmigan. The director was pleased to give the boys directions on feeding and care for their pets.

Wild animals can, with affection and patience, make good household pets. But unless you are willing to give time to their special feeding and supply suitable quarters, best leave them in their natural state.

—Irma Hegel

Merlin Goes To Market

—For A Tin of Purr and Other Fancy Things—

By MAX TRELL

KNARF and Hanid, the shadow-children, with the turned-about names, were sitting on the edge of the bookshelf (the lower edge on the shelf nearest the floor) when Mr Merlin the Magnificent Magician came along. Mr Merlin lived somewhere behind the bookshelf. He was carrying a shopping bag.

Pantry Is Baro

"Good morning, my dears," he said to Knarf and Hanid. "Would you children care to accompany me to Superduper Market? My pantry is almost bare. I haven't been shopping for months."

A few minutes later, Knarf and Hanid were both walking side by side with Mr Merlin on their way to the Superduper Market.

"You know, Mr Merlin," Hanid said, as they turned the corner, "we don't know where the Superduper Market is."

"We never even heard of it," said Knarf.

Tiny Alley

Mr Merlin raised his eyebrows in surprise. "I'm surprised at you two," he said. "The Superduper Market is on Nowhere Street."

"Where's that?" asked Knarf.

"About a block away from Everywhere Avenue," replied Mr Merlin, as he suddenly crossed the street and hurried down a tiny alley which Knarf and Hanid had never noticed before. "We're coming to it now," he said.

Sure enough, a few steps further brought them to the entrance of a large store. A sign said: Superduper Market. They all went inside.

Out of His Pocket

Hanid said: "My goodness, Mr Merlin, how are we going to be able to walk that far? And look at how many things you have to buy!"



She said this last because at that moment Mr Merlin took a great sheet of paper out of his pocket. It was a sorted list with names of things he had to buy.

"We don't have to walk at all," Mr Merlin said. "Here, step into this auto-basket, please."

What a wonderful thing this auto-basket was! It went by itself like a motor car. Mr Merlin steered it up and down the aisles between the tall shelves. There he let Knarf and Hanid drive it while he took the tins and boxes that he needed off the shelves.

A Tin of Purr

Mr Merlin bought a great many strange and unusual groceries in this Superduper Market. These are some of the groceries that Knarf and Hanid saw him buy:

Robin Seed, to make you warble like a robin;

Toad Pudding, to make you hop;

A Pound of Bumble Steak, to make into hamburgers;

A Box of Polly Flakes, to make you talk like a parrot;

A Jar of Genuine Mayfly Syrup, to make you dance;

A Bottle of Ticks-and-Tocks, to pour inside Mr Merlin's clock;

A Package of Bounce, to give to the dog;

A Tin of Purr, to give to the cat;

A Bag of Squeaks, to give to the mouse.

Knarf and Hanid would have been glad to spend the rest of the day riding up and down the aisles in that wonderful Superduper Market. However, they had to go home.

But the next day they tried to find it again, for they wanted very much to give their cat a tin of Purr. It was no use! They couldn't find it. And when they went into an ordinary store and asked for it, the man just shook his head. The only one who seemed to know what they were talking about was the old man who was behind the counter. He was filled with purr.

Try These For Gloom Chasers

SUSIE: "Daddy, my teacher is really dumb." Daddy: "Why do you say that?"

Susie: "Well, today she kept asking me silly questions. Why, she didn't even know the capital of our country and I had to tell her."

RIGHT ANSWER

Teacher: "What does a cow have that no other animal has?"

Jerry: "I know the answer, Miss Green."

Teacher: "Yes, Jerry." Jerry: "Calves."

UP IN THE AIR

Jake: "Were you ever up in the air, Bill?" Bill: "I went up once."

Jake: "What airline?" Bill: "I didn't go up in a plane. It was the time I stood behind that stubborn mule."

REASON ENOUGH

Mrs Bignouth: "Just give me one good reason as to why

you can't send over my order of groceries now?" "Certainly, Mrs Bignouth. It's your last month's bill."

KILLS HIMSELF

First Moron: "I was telling myself jokes the other day and almost killed myself laughing at one of them."

Second Moron: "How is that?" First Moron: "I told myself one that I had never heard before."

A DISTINGUISHED SCIENTIFIC AUTHOR

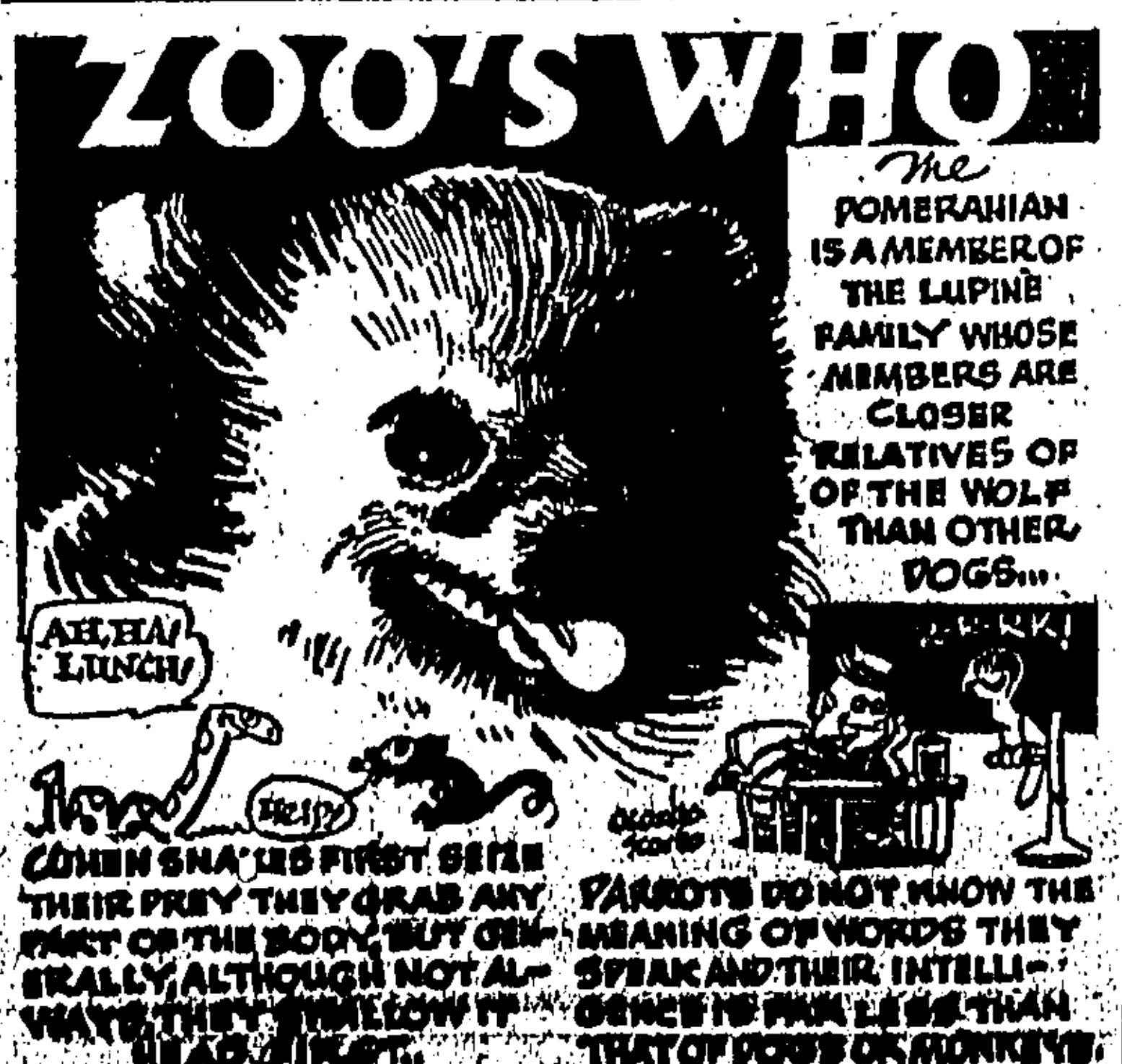
Jules Verne Honoured

FRANCE has a very pleasant and instructive custom of featuring her famous men on stamps. The choice ranges from characters who shone hundreds of years ago to the heroes of World War II.

One of the most fascinating men chosen for a new set of

Famous French is Jules Verne—and what a character he was! Verne must share with the late H. G. Wells the honour of being the world's most distinguished scientific author whose writings showed the shape of things to come.

But Verne is, perhaps, worthy of even greater praise than Wells. For Verne was born in 1828 and therefore, "H. G." was 38 years nearer to the age of marvels about which both of them wrote.



Probably the most famous of all Verne's works is "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." It is fitting, therefore, that the stamp which honours his name should show the submarine from the book with gallant Captain Nemo on deck. Verne's other well-known books are "Five Weeks in a Balloon," "The English at the North Pole," "Around the World in 80 Days." The novels of this far-sighted man are now dreams come true. They look forward, not backward. Therefore they are still the books of youth. The stamp is perforated 13 and costs 1/- in London.—J.A.A.

Rupert and Dinkie—40



their amusement the rope begins to rise, first in a rather wobbly way then more firmly until it is rising nearly straight up. "Now Rupert, must climb," says the cat. "I'm sure magic powder, lower strength and he got heavy again."

